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The CARPET from BAGDAD

BY HAROLD MACGRATH

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CHAPTER III.—(Continued.)

George leaned forward from his air, a gentle terror in his heart. he Yhiordes? By Jove! is that the ordes?"

dmiration kindled in Ryanne's s. To have hit the bull's-eye with free and quick an aim was ample of that Percival Algernon had not sted when he said that he knew ething about rugs.

You've guessed it."

How did you come by it?" George anded excitedly.

Why do you ask that?"

Man, ten-thousand pounds could not chase that rug, that bit of carpet. lectors from every port have been er it in vain. And you mean to me that it lies there, wrapped in cher's paper?"

Right-O!"

Ryanne solemnly detached a cuff and id up his sleeve. The bare muscular w was scarred by two long, ugly fe-wounds, scarcely healed. Next drew up a trousers-leg, disclosing attered shin. "And there's another my shoulder-blade, the closest call er had. A man who takes his life his hands, as I have done, merits e reward. Mr. Jones, I'll be frank h you. I am a kind of derelict. e I was a boy, I have hated the n-drum of offices, of shops. I want- to be my own man, to go and come ant precarious exploits. This rug re I pleased. To do this and live meant carious exploits. This rug represents e of them. I am telling you the ily secret; I am showing you the lden in the closet, confidentially. I le that run and when I say that the en labors of our old friend Hercules e simple diversions, compared, 'll recognize the difficulties I had to ercome. You know something of the ental mind. I handled the job alone- may not be out of the jungle yet." George listened entranced. He could dily construct the scenes through ich this adventurer had gone; the tchful nights, the untiring patience, e thirst, the hunger, the heat. And he could hardly believe. He was a le skeptical. Many a rogue had de the mistake of playing George's against his experience. He had de some serious blunders in the ly stages of the business, however; d everybody, to gain something in e end, must lose something at the rt.

If that rug is the one I have in nd, you certainly stole it. And if it's opy, I'll tell you quickly enough."

That's fair. And that's why," anne declared, "I wanted you to look it. To me, considering what I have e through to get it, to me it is the uine carpet. To your expert eye it y be only a fine copy. I know this ch, that rare rugs and paintings e many copies, and that some one being hooked, sold, bamboozled, dbagged, every day in the week. If is the real article, I want you to e it off my hands," the adventurer shed pleasantly.

There will be a hue and cry."

No doubt of it."

And the devil's own job to get it out Egypt." These were set phrases of e expert, preliminaries to bargaining. One might as well carry round a olen elephant."

But a man who is as familiar with e game as you are would have little fficulty. Your integrity is an estab- shed fact, on both sides of the water. ou could take it to New York as a oy, and no appraiser would know the fference. It's worth the attempt. I'd ke it to New York myself, but you e I am flat broke. Come; what do u or I care about a son-of-a-gun of Turk?" drolly.

What do you want for it, supposing s genuine?" George's throat was dry d his voice harsh. His conscience ised herself feebly, for it had been a ng time since occasion had necessi- ted her presence.

Ryanne narrowed his eyes, carefully lancing the possibilities. "Say one usand pounds. It is like giving it ay. But when the devil drives, you ow. It is beyond any set price; it is rth what any collector is willing to y for it. I believe I know the kind man you are, Mr. Jones, and that is y, when I learned you were in Cairo, came directly to you. You would ver sell this rug. No. You would come like a miser over his gold. You ould keep it with your emeralds (I ve heard about them, too); draw the rtains, lock the doors, whenever you oked at it. Eh? You would love it r its own sake, and not because it is rth many thousand pounds. You are iling in a few days; that will help. he Pasha is in Constantinople, and it ll be three or four weeks before he ars of the theft, or the cost," with a rtain grimness.

You haven't killed anyone?" whis- ered George.

I don't know; perhaps. Christianity gainst paganism; the Occidental con- ience permits it." Ryanne made a sture to indicate that he would sub- it to whatever moral arraignment r. Jones deemed advisable to make.

But George made none. He rose has- ly, sought his knife and, without so uch as by your leave, slashed the ine, flung aside the paper and threw e rug across the counterpane. It was e Yhiordes. There was not the slight- doubt in his mind. He had heard described, he had seen a photograph it, he knew its history and, most al of all, he owned a good copy of it. Against temptation that was robust d energetic and alluring (like the an who insists upon your having a nk when you want it and ought not have it), what chance had conscience, wn innocuous in the long period of e young man's good behavior? Col- tors are always honest before and ter that moment arrives when they ant something desperately; and orge was no more saintly than his d. And how deeply Ryanne and his ociates had delved into human nature, how well they could read and judge it, was made manifest in this moment of George's moral relapse.

Bagdad, the jinns, Sindbad the Thousand and one Nights and the Forty Thieves; George was transported mentally to that magic city, standing between the Tigris and the Euphrates, in all its white glory of a thousand years gone. Ryanne, the room and its furnishings, all had vanished, all save the exquiste fabric patterened out of wool and cotton and knotted with that mingling love and skill and patience the world knows no more. He let his hand stray over it. How many knees had pressed its thick yet pliant substance? How many strange scenes had it mutely witnessed, scenes of beauty, of terror? It shone under the light like the hide of a healthy hound.

The nerves of a smoker are generally made apparent by the rapidity of his exhalations. These two, in the several minutes, had filled the room with a thick, blue haze; and through this the elder man eyed the younger. The sign of the wolf gleamed in his eyes, but without animosity, modified as it was by the half friendly, half cynical smile.

"I'll risk it," said George finally, having stepped off the magical carpet, as it were. "I can't give you a thousand pounds tonight. I can give you three hundred, and the balance tomorrow, between 10 and 11, at Cook's."

"That will be agreeable to me."

George passed over all the available cash he had, rolled up the treasure and tucked it under his arm. That somewhere in the world was a true believer, wailing and beating his breast and calling down from Allah curses upon the giaour, the dog of an infidel, who had done this thing, disturbed George not in the least.

"I say," as he opened the door, "you must tell me all about the adventure. It must have been a thriller."

"It was," replied Ryanne. "The story will keep. Later, if you care to hear it."

"Of course," added George, moved by a discretionary thought, "this transaction is just between you and me."

"You may lay odds on that," heartily. "Well, good night. See you at Cook's in the morning."

"Good night." George passed down the corridor to the adjoining room.

And now, bang! goes Pandora's box.

CHAPTER IV.

An Old Acquaintance.

That faculty which decides on the lawlessness of our actions; so the noted etymologist described conscience. It fell to another distinguished intellect to add that conscience makes cowards of us all. Ay. She may be overcome at times, sidetracked for any special desire that demands a clear way; but she's after us, fast enough, with that battered red lantern of hers, which, brought down from all tongues crisply into our own, reads—"Don't do it!" She herself is not wholly cunning. She rarely stands boldly upon the track to flag us as we come. She realizes that she might be permanently ditched. No; it is far safer to run after us and catch us. A digression, perhaps, but more pertinently an application.

Temptation then no longer at his shoulder, George began to have qualms, little chaps, who started buzzing into his moral ears with all that maddening, interminable drone which makes one marvel however do school teachers survive their first terms. Among these qualms there was none that pleaded for the desolate Turk or his minions whose carelessness had made the theft possible. For all George cared, the Moslem might grind his forehead in the soulless sand and make the air palpitate with his plaints to Allah. No. The disturbance was due to the fact that never before had he been wittingly the purchaser of stolen goods. He never tried to gloze over the subtle distinction between knowing and suspecting; and if he had been variously suspicious in regard to certain past bargains, conscience had found no sizeable wedge for her demurrers. The Yhiordes was confessedly stolen.

He paused, with his hand upon the door-knob of his room. If he didn't keep the rug it would fall into the hands of a collector less scrupulous. To return it to the Pasha at Bagdad would be pure folly, and thankless. It was one of the most beautiful weavings in existence. It was as priceless in its way as any Raphael in the Vatican. And he desired its possession intensely. Why not? Insidious phrase! Was it not better that the world should see and learn what a wonderful craft the making of a rare rug had been, than to allow it to return to the sordid chamber of a harem, to inevitable ruin? As Ryanne said, what the deuce was a fanatical Turk or Arab to him?

Against these specious arguments in favor of becoming the adventurer's abettor and accomplice, there was first the possible stan of blood. The man agreed that he had come away from Bagdad in doubt. George did not like the thought of blood. Still, he had collected a hundred emeralds, not one of which was without its red record. Again, if he carried the rug home with his other purchases, he could pull it through the customs only by lying, which was as distasteful to his mind as being a receiver of stolen goods.

He had already paid a goodly sum against the purchase; and it was not likely that a man who was down to reversing his collars and cuffs would take back the rug and refund the money. The Yhiordes was his, happen what might. So conscious snuffed out her red lantern and retired.

Some light steps, a rustle, and he wheeled in time to see a woman open a door, stand for a minute in the full light, and disappear. It was she. George opened the door of his own room, threw the rug inside, and tiptoed along the corridor, stopping for the briefest time to ascertain the number of that room. He felt vastly more guilty in performing this harmless act than in smothering his mentor.

There was no one in the head porter's bureau; thus, unobserved and unembarrassed, he was free to inspect the guest list. Fortune Chedsoye. He had never seen a name quite like that. Its quaintness did not suggest to him, as it had done to Ryanne, the pastoral, the bucolic. Rather it reminded him of the old French courts, of rapiers and buckles, of powdered wigs and furbelows, masks, astrologers, love-intrigues, of all those colorful, mutable scenes so charmingly described by the genial narrator of the exploits of D'Artagnan. And abruptly out of this age of Lebrun, Watteau, Moliere, reached an ice-cold hand. If that elderly codger wasn't her father, who was he and what?

The Major—for George had looked him up also—was in excellent trim for his age, something of a military dandy besides; but as the husband of so young and exquisite a creature! Out upon the thought! He might be her guardian, or, at most, her uncle, but never her husband. Yet (Oh, poisonous doubt!), at the table she had ignored the Major, both his jests and his attentions. He had seen many wives, joyfully from a safe distance, act toward their husbands in this fashion. Oh, rot! If his name was Callahan and hers Chedsoye, they could not possibly be tied in any legal bonds. He dismissed the ice-cold hand and turned again to the comforting warmth of his ardor.

He had never spoken to young women without presentation, and on these rare occasions he had broached the weather, suggested the possibilities of the weather, and concluded with an apostrophe on the weather at large. It was usually a valedictory. For he was always positive that he had acted like a fool, and was afraid to speak to the girl again. Never it failed, ten minutes after the girl was out of sight, the brightest and cleverest things crowded upon his tongue, to be but wasted on the desert air. He was not particularly afraid of women older than himself, more's the pity. And yet, had he been as shy toward them as toward the girls, there would have been no stolen Yhiordes, no sad-eyed maiden, no such thing as The United Romance and Adventure Company, Ltd.; and he would have stepped the even tenor of his way unknown of grand passions, swift adventure, life.

George was determined to meet Fortune Chedsoye, and this determination, the first of its kind to take definite form in his mind, gave him a novel sensation. He would find some way, and he vowed to best his old enemy, diffidence, if it was the last fight he ever put up. He would maneuver to get in the way of the Major. He never found much trouble in talking to men. Once he exchanged a word or two with the uncle or guardian, he would make it a point to renew the acquaintance when he saw the two together. It appeared to him as a bright idea, and he was rather proud of it. Even now he was conscious of clenching his teeth strongly. It's an old saying that he goes farthest who shuts his teeth longest. He was going to test the precept by immediate practice.

He had stood before the list fully three minutes. Now he turned about face, a singular elation tingling his blood. Once he set his mind upon a thing, he went forward. He had lost many pleasureable things in life because he had doubted and faltered, not because he had reached out toward them and had then drawn back. He was going to meet Fortune Chedsoye; when or how were but details. And as he discovered the Major himself idling before the booth of the East Indian merchant, he saw in fancy the portcullis rise and the drawbridge fall to the castle of enchantment. He strolled over leisurely and pretended to be interested in the case containing mediocre jewels.

"This is a genuine Bokhara embroidery?" the Major was inquiring.

"Oh, yes, sir."

"How old?"

The merchant picked up the tag and squinted at it. "It is between two and three hundred years old, sir."

To George's opinion the gods themselves could not have arranged a more propitious moment.

"You've made a mistake," he interposed quietly. "That is Bokhara, but the stitch is purely modern."

The dark eyes of the Indian flashed. "The gentleman is an authority?" sarcastically.

"Upon that style of embroidery, absolutely." George smiled. And then, without more ado, he went on to explain the difference between the antique and the modern. "You have one good piece of old Bokhara, but it isn't rare. Twenty pounds would be a good price for it."

The Major laughed heartily. "And just this moment he asked a hundred for it. I'm not much of a hand in judging these things. I admire them, but have no intimate knowledge regarding their worth. Nothing tonight," he added to the bitter-eyed merchant. "The Oriental is like the amateur fisherman: truth is not in him. You seem to be a keen judge," as they moved away from the booth.

"I suppose it's because I'm inordinately fond of the things. I've a really good collection of Bokhara embroideries at home in New York."

"You live in New York?" with mild interest. The Major sat down and graciously motioned for George to do the same. "I used to live there; twenty odd years ago. But European travel spoils America; the rush there, the hurry, the clamor. Over here they dine, there they eat. There's as much difference between those two performances as there is between The Mikado and Florodora. From Portland in Maine to Portland in Oregon, the same dress, same shops, same ungodly high buildings. Here it is different, at the end of every hundred miles."

George agreed conditionally. (The Major wasn't very original in his views.) He would have shed his last drop of blood for his native land, but he was honest in acknowledging her faults.

Conversation idled in various channels, and finally became anchored at jewels. Here the Major was at home, and he loved emeralds above all other stones. He proved to be an engaging old fellow, had circled the globe three or four times, and had had an adventure or two worth recounting. And when he incidentally mentioned his niece, George wanted to shake his hand.

Would Mr. Jones join him with a peg to sleep on? Mr. Jones certainly would. And after a mutual health, George diplomatically excused himself, retired, buoyant and happy. How simple the affair had been! A fellow could do anything if only he set his mind to it. Tomorrow he would meet Fortune Chedsoye, and may Beelzebub shrive him if he could not manage to control his recalcitrant tongue.

As he passed out of sight, Major Callahan smiled. It was that old familiar smile which, charged with gentle mockery, we send after departing fools. It was plain that he needed another peg to keep company with the first, for he rose and gracefully wended his way downstairs to the bar. Two men were already leaning against the friendly, inviting mahogany. There was a magnum of champagne standing between their glasses. The Major ordered a temperate whisky

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The Seven Wonders of Modern World

RESULT OF THE INTERNATIONAL POLL OF SCIENTISTS

1. Wireless
2. Telephone
3. Aeroplane
4. Radium
5. Antiseptics and Antitoxins
6. Spectrum Analysis
7. X-Ray

THE SEVEN WONDERS OF THE ANCIENT WORLD

Pyramids of Egypt.
Pharos of Alexandria.
Hanging Gardens of Babylon.
Temple of Diana at Ephesus.
Statue of Jupiter by Phidias.
Mausoleum of Artemisia.
Colossus of Rhodes.

The Seven Wonders of the Modern World!

It were a far easier task for even the learned men who shared in the selection to name seven score than seven, says Popular Mechanics for August. On every hand, by night, by day, we walk and see and breathe amid a multitude of wonders, which are no wonders to us, but only commonplace, because a part of our everyday existence. Today an infant's feeble voice finds its unerring way along a tiny wire across rivers and over plains and mountains to the one home in millions it seeks. To us no wonder, and our young men and women cannot recall the time before the telephone was. They use without a thought, an instrument before which the Seven Wise Men would have prostrated themselves as a thing supernatural.

The Seven Ancient Wonders were selected by the Greeks, and their right to the title was established before Christ was born. During all the intervening years no attempt has been made to definitely revise the "Seven Wonders." Generation after generation has come and gone accepting the decision one from the other. In fact there was no opportunity for a revision. As the years increased civilization ebbed and about all the man-made marvels we have to show for those 2,000 years of human life are a few cathedrals and pictures.

Of the ancient wonders only one was a practical utility—Pharos, the 400-foot lighthouse of Alexandria; one was a hanging garden, not for the people, but built by a queen for her sensual pleasure; two were tombs; one was a temple of beauty devoted to a heathen god; another, the Colossus of Rhodes, was a freakish mass of cast metal, less than half the height of our own Statue of Liberty, and not comparable in dignity; and one was a beautiful statue to typify certain aesthetic ideals. Not a single one created for the uplifting or well-being of the masses.

As brute force, represented in vast armies, was the measure of power, so the Ancients honored the strong arm and the mighty, inert mass. It would seem that the pent-up forces of civilization, held in, thrust back, ruthlessly cut down for 20 centuries, had finally burst forth to fill the 19th century with wonders. And the greatest of these are neither connected oceans, mountains thrust through with tunnels, towering structures each housing the population of a city, floating palaces, land vehicles that outdistance the eagle, nor any of the things which typify the might of muscle. On the contrary each modern wonder is a monument to the might of mind.

As we move out into the 20th century we are pushed on by a tremendous momentum of scientific and mechanical and physiological knowledge of which the Ancients were utterly incapable to even dream.

Shall we contrast the Ancient Wonders and our Modern?

The Panama Canal: An engineering feat so stupendous as to find its equal only in Nature herself—is not thought worthy to be one of the Seven Modern Wonders. And yet Colonel Goethals with his men and machines could erect a mass in a few weeks which would put to insignificance the Great Pyramid, to build which required 100,00 men for 20 years. And when completed it was only a resting place for a few human bones which have long since been desecrated and scattered. The Panama canal will for all time be of real service to all the peoples of the earth and to republics yet unborn, bringing food in time of famine from lands of plenty to those in want, and by reason of accessibility make alien nations neighbors. Yet this accomplishment with all its mighty possibilities is less a wonder than the story brought by a single ray of light from the smallest star as related by the Spectrum Analysis.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon—the artificial mountain in a monotonous plain—built by slaves; devoted to the riotous revelry of a wicked court; its beauty known throughout the world: Yet this lofty, hand-made height sinks into smallness beside a single phial of antitoxin as it triumphs over the disease of some poor unfortunate outcast whose pain-racked body the ambulance rescues from the slums.

What is a cold marble statue, however beautiful and stately, to those quivering waves which Marconi snatched from out of space and wove into invisible chords that tether the ships of the seas to ten million firesides!

What even the beauties of the Temple of Diana to the beauties and yet unknown blessings of radium?

The wonder of our Modern Wonders is the thing itself—not the instrument. To the Ancients, a wonder had to be fashioned with the strong arm; its virtues were chiefly those of size and strength. The Modern Wonders find their inspiration in an improvement of human life—every human life—and their conception in minds, not in muscle.

The Seven Wonders!

What will they be in the 40th century, when the scientists of those days look back and review the seven wonders which we select today? Unquestionably we can as little forecast or comprehend the Seven Wonders of the Then, as the Ancients, brought to life today, could comprehend the things we know. With all our vaunted conquests we reach out into 20 centuries yet to come with the same feeble comprehension that takes us back to those greatest of all Seven Wonders,—the wonders recorded in the first chapter of Genesis.

H. H. WINDSOR.

Luxurious Old Timers

THERE has been an outcry of late against the luxurious appointments of steamships crossing the Atlantic. The finger of scorn has been pointed at golf links, squash courts, perfumed baths, rose bushes, etc., provided for the pampered passengers. And there are some who sigh for the good old days when a flannel shirt without a relieving touch of starched linen was the correct thing at dinner; when women were as grubs until land was sighted, and then they appeared on deck as butterflies; when a fortnight at sea was all too short a time; when a ship was expected to be uncomfortable; when business was necessarily left behind on the pier and no message could come through the air; when the bath was a jet from a hose held by a grinning sailor on a wet deck.

Sumptuously furnished vessels were known centuries before the Sirius or the pride of the Collins Line. The ship that Archimedes designed for Hiero II., King of Syracuse, not only was wonderfully decorated—the story of the Iliad was told in marquetry—but there were flower beds on the promenade deck, a gymnasium, staterooms with three beds, a library, bath with hot and cold water, stables and horses, fish ponds and many fair rooms paved with agate and precious stones. And this vessel was designed as a carrier of wheat. It was first named the Syracusan, but afterward the Alexandrian. Archimelus wrote a poem in its honor, and Hiero, in gratitude and appreciation, sent him a thousand measures of cheese and thoughtfully prepaid the expense. Moschion gives a detailed description of this ship.

Then there was the Egyptian vessel, the joy of Ptolemy Philopator, with galleries and promenades, a temple of Venus with her statue, a drinking hall, belvederes, a grotto the sides of which were decorated with precious stones set in ornaments of gold.

A Plea for the People

Collier's.

NOW in this summer of our test we, who are many peoples under one sky and flag, desire afresh to dedicate ourselves.

May we be mindful of what was strong and pure in the purposes of those who shaped our nation from rude origin. And mindful of the yet vaster purpose, lying hidden in the heart of Being, that permitted our people to survive tribulation and enter on the larger days.

May we share the vision that is in the young men, the hopes that yearn through obscure lives.

May we rise clear of the summer's heat, the anger of men, the war of words.

In a sweeter air than any that breathes through convention halls may we seek and, seeking, find the clarified judgment.

May we surmount the littleness of daily word and deed, the wrangling of mob and clique.

May our thought be for the Nation—far from gains, revenge, reprisal. In adversity and the searchings of prosperity it has weathered the gale and steered onward. In the greatness of an idea it came to birth. Through bitterness it endured. Once again it is gathering strength that it may go on unhindered.

We, the people, were in former days source and origin of the sad, strong heart of Lincoln. What we created there we would again put forth out of present need. May we, as a people, be wise and patient, that the one large purpose, above broken purposes, shall persist and conquer.

In the calm of a great decision may we choose, out of the many ways, the one straight way that leads to the better goal.

Choosing One's Life Work.

While it is impossible for our colleges to make great men out of indifferent raw material, writes Clayton Sedgwick Cooper in the Century, it is possible to assist undergraduates to discover their inherent bent or capacity. Until the student has made such a discoverey, the elective system which is now general in our American institutions, is something of a farce. * * * It is a common remark among American undergraduates, "I wish I knew what I was fitted for." The college is under deep obligation to serve the nation not merely by presenting a great number of excellent subjects, which, if properly selected, will land the young man in positions of leadership and usefulness; but it may and must go beyond this negative education, and assist the student actually to form his life purpose.

Magic of a Siphon.

St. Nicholas.

When a pipe shaped like the inverted letter U, in which the arms are of equal length, is filled with water, and each end of the pipe is put into a separate vessel full of water, "the downward pull," or weight, of the liquid in each of the two arms will balance the other, and, if the water is at the same level in the two vessels, it will remain at that level in both vessels. But if the level of the water in one vessel is lower than in the other, since the two vessels are connected with a pipe full of water, the water will run down from the higher level to the lower. This constitutes what is called a siphon. A siphon itself has no more magic about it than a pencil has when it falls, or than other similar phenomenon in nature, yet some of the siphon's manifestations seem to be not only magical, but almost incredible.

The Hardest Wood.

It is interesting to note that more than 20 mahoyanylike woods are now offered as true mahogany, not to mention a considerable number of woods cunningly stained to imitate that woods. In the present circumstanmes, therefore, when the demand for mahogany is greater than the supply, unusual interest attaches to such woods as cariniana or Colombian mahogany, which is acknowledged not to be mahogany, but which is so similar to it in color, grain effects and working qualities as to serve for the rarer wood, says the Building Age.

The statement is made that while cariniana differs widely in its botanical and anatomical character from true mahogany, its close superficial resemblance to mahogany and its physical properties at once distinguish it as a high-class cabinet wood. When properly seasoned, it does not warp, check or shrink, while much of the lumber is beautifully figured. It works well, takes a filler readily and can be highly polished.

A Woman's Market Value.

The Docket.

Woman, married woman, what art thou worth? Twenty-five dollars is not too much, says the supreme court of Iowa. Plaintiff, a farmer, bought a can of what purported to be kerosene oil, but which contained 21 per cent of gasoline. His wife attempted to use some of it to light a fire. An explosion occurred, which caused her death and that of her three little children, and caused certain injuries to the husband. He sued the sellers, and recovered damages as follows: $25 for his wife, $299.71 per child and $160 for his own injuries. From this verdict it may be inferred that the jury thought his own injuries inconvenienced him more than losing his wife did. However, the sellers appeal, and in Chapman v. Pfarr, 132 Northwestern Reporter, 957, they assign as error that verdict is excessive. Now, who'd a thunk it? As to this the court says: "This sum allowed does not impress us as great enough to indicate passion or prejudice in the jury, and we have no inclination to disturb it." We all concur.

Subway Socks.

N. Y. Press.

Let the fellows in the subway and elevated trains who cross their legs and stick out a foot a yard to show how proud they are of their hosiery or calves, or whatever it is, take off their socks and hang them from the straps, with or without price tag. Then they can make the hosiery exhibit without barking the shins of men and ruining the skirts of women standing in front of them or moving up and down the aisles.

"Whipping Out" a Bumble Bees' Nest

Tom Bodine in Paris (Mo.) Mercury.

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned boy, who on a summer morning, armed himself with a shingle paddle and a bunch of iron weeds and, in company with other boys similarly equipped, went forth in search of bumble bee nests. Who roamed the rippling meadow seas in quest of the buzzing pirate with a golden doublet, and who, on sighting him, followed him in a straight course to his hidden lair. Such assaults they were, such spirited advances, such ignoble retreats and utter routs. And such laughter—and such pain. Once, though not at Aleppo, a grim pirate in black corselet followed a small boy on rapid wing for half a mile, digging him at every bound, and finally, looping the loop, sailed up the leg of his cottonade pants.

There was ample room in the rear half way up for egress, but the pirate showed no quarter and going on up attained a position of vantage between the shoulder blades. Here he began to dig, and as he dug the boy began to shed useless raiment. At the edge of town he wore the remains of a hickory straw hat and a hurt look. However, he gathered up his scattered raiment and returned to the fray.

Then, too, there was the fat boy with the tight pants and the boy with the shaven head, who, after taking refuge on top of a wagon shed, had to be hauled home. But why recount? Those were days of noble adventure and every sunrise brought the call to some glorious hazard; every sunset saw some valorous deed accomplished. Boys in these decadent days don't even know what bumble bee honey tastes like.

SECRETARY of FRIVOLOUS AFFAIRS

BY MAY FUTRELLE

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XV.

The Box of Jewels.

I did not look back as I sped across the lawn, skirted the tennis courts, and reached my room the way I had come. I heard the sputter of the motor boats as they moved away, mingling with laughter from the drawing room below.

I was in my room, sick with the fear of impending disaster, while the the two boats were being tied up at Winthrop's landing. Five minutes later the lights were snapped on in Winthrop's big living room.

"Gentlemen, be seated," Hap remarked flippantly.

"Cut out the comedy, young feller," commanded the heavy voice as Jim and the other detective snickered.

The heavy voice was accompanied by a heavy mustache, a heavy number 12 boot, and a heavy derby hat. A half-smoked, fat, black cigar was rammed in his teeth, and he chewed on it as he talked. The other two detectives called him chief.

Hap dug his hands into his pockets and turned away to smile.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" Winthrop asked.

"Just hand over the sparks," the chief answered, "and be quick about it, too."

"I have none," Winthrop told him. "Will you please unfasten these things"—meaning the handcuffs—"while I get my arm dressed?" He wiped the blood from his fingers.

"I guess not," flamed the chief. "You shot General Schuyler; that blood is evidence."

"You fool, this is my own blood," Winthrop said quietly. "It's running down my arm."

"Search him," directed the chief.

The other two detectives fell upon Winthrop, slapping him gently first in search of a weapon, then poking fingers deftly into pockets like ferrets after a rat. They straightened up empty-handed.

"Satisfied?" Winthrop smiled.

"You had 'em," insisted the chief. "You've got 'em, unless"—he smashed a big fist into the palm of a coarse hand—"unless you gave 'em to this young feller."

"Hands off me," Hap said, "or arrest me first. And I dare you to arrest me!"

The chief puffed, then swallowed hard.

"Feel him over," he directed.

"Not until you arrest me."

"Well, if you ain't got 'em," demanded the chief suspiciously, "why do you object to being searched?"

"General principles," Hap retorted with a grin. "I have no objection to being arrested. Go to it!" He held out his hands invitingly. "Now, suppose you take those handcuffs off Mr. Abbott and we'll attend to that wound before we do anything else."

"eGt a basin of water," the chief blustered, "and bring it here. We'll see where that blood come from."

"Get a basin, Hap," Winthrop requested.

Hap went out, returning immediately with water and bandages. The wound was trivial. The chief looked at it and grunted. The bullet had just nipped the flesh, but Winthrop was full-blooded. Hap washed it and bound it up, while the chief's puffy eyes were fixed on space, and he sat forward in his chair, with a hand on either knee. It was his attitude when in deep thought. He slapped his knees finally.

"He must have 'em!" he exclaimed.

"No, Mr. Officer," Winthrop said, as Hap eased the coat sleeve over the wounded arm, "you've got the wrong pig by the tail this time. I was fixing my carbureter when you brave officers of the law pounced upon me. I hadn't the slightest idea why, unless you were trying to rob me. I haven't been anywhere, and I assure you I haven't stolen anything. I certainly have not shot anybody. You see I haven't a gun."

"Easy to get rid of that," argued the chief. Suddenly an official forefinger was thrust into Winthrop's face, "Young man, you've been snooping up and down this shore in that boat all summer. We know that long-nosed boat of yours: And them robberies have been happening just the nights you've been out. We've been hiding in the shrubbery ever since the first one; you've run away from us twice when Dave there didn't keep his eyes open. But we've got you now! You're a darned fool trying a thing like that when it's as bright as day, and we've got you!"

"And now that you have me, what are you going to do with me?" Winthrop inquired.

"Take you to jail," the chief replied succinctly. "Cough up the sparks now, like a good feller."

"I haven't them," Winthrop denied.

He went to the desk and rang up John Crowninshield. I saw John when he ran out of the house, jumped into the car Vincent had brought around, and disappeared down the driveway. I even knew where he was going.

Just as John turned through the iron gates into the road Winthrop gathered together and shaped neatly the sheets of the novel that lay upon his desk, made a note in a book, arose, taking the manuscript with him and knelt before the safe. He worked the combination and pulled open the door.

"What you got there?" asked the chief suspiciously.

"A novel," answered Winthrop.

The chief was regarding the open door of the safe with a cunning eye.

"A safe!" he ejaculated. Then he caught his breath with a puff: "Sort of careful of what you write, ain't you?"

"Well, rather," Winthrop laughed. Then, to Hap: "Hap, I may want this if I'm tied up in jail. See, I'm putting it here."

The chief's hands gripped his shoulders and whirled him half-way across the room, while Jim and Dave closed in on either side of the safe.

"We'll just take a peek at that safe. Full of novels, I guess? Well, I just want to see, You know them robberies have been going on all summer."

Winthrop looked on, caressing the wounded arm. It was uncomfortable, and he had struck it against a table. His face was white, and he dropped into a chair while Hap put a sympathetic hand on his shoulder.

"He's got no right to search without a warrant," Hap insisted.

"He's doing it," Winthrop replied.

The search revealed nothing but papers, contracts and such, until, just as John slapped on the emergency at Winthrop's door, the detective Jim held up an inlaid box, beautifully fashioned and somewhat heavy.

"Looks suspicious," he remarked and passed it to his chief.

The chief took it and shook it inquiringly.

"Well, we'll take a look at this," he remarked.

Winthrop's figure stiffened, but he did not arise. He pointed a forefinger first at the chief, then at the inlaid box in the chief's hands.

"Crowninshield," he directed, speaking to John, who had appeared in the doorway, "make a note of the contents of that box and hold that man accountable. He had no search warrant!"

John didn't even blink. He came forward, taking a fountain pen and note-book from his pocket. The chief had given the inlaid box a blow against a table and the top of it had fallen open. There came a little cry from everybody, all differently intoned, except from Winthrop and from John, whom nothing could surprise. The two detectives, Jim and Dave, grapsed with astonishment, and the chief growled in satisfaction.

"Diamonds, eh!" he said. And rubies and—and other things." He slapped the lid shut suddenly.

"No, you don't there," John said sharply. We'll make a note of everything."

"I know my business," snarled the chief.

"And I know mine," John replied. "I'm John Crowninshield, of Crowninshield & Peabody, attorneys for Mr. Abbott. We'll make a note of everything, my good man, including the fact that you are proceeding without warrant of law."

There's nothing that so awes a detective as a lawyer in evening dress with his hat off; with a clear, cool voice, and truculent eyes. The chief, after a puff, slowly opened the lid of the inlaid box and put out the jewels, one by one. Finally he held up a bracelet; an old-fashioned affair, set heavily with emeralds. "Not another like it in the world!" Natalie has said, "or so many emeralds matched so perfectly."

Hap rose suddenly, overturning his chair, and John paused just the barest fraction of a second before he made the entry.

XVI.

The Midnight Visitor.

It was not very long before Hap came. I knew it was he, for instead of going into the house and ringing for the gray car like an orderly, well-behaved person, he stood on the terrace and yelled for it. Strangely enough, no one realized that anything had happened. The piano tinkled, I could catch bits of conversation from the bridge players, the click of billiard balls sounded and there was a rattle of chips from the card-room upstairs. Hap had disappeared into the house, but presently, when Vincent brought the gray car in front, he came out, climbed into it, threw in the gear with a clatter that made me shiver, and he, too, disappeared down the driveway.

A knock came at my door, and Burrows was there with a note. For the fourth time that evening I opened a note from Hap and read it:

Dear Loulie—Winthrop has been arrested, as you know, and the pig-headed fool of an officer won't listen to reason. We've got to find a judge and get him out on bail. It's some awful mistake. Don't be uneasy, John will straighten out everything. The old general isn't badly hurt. It will be in the newspapers. I don't think any power on earth can stop it, but I want to ask you not to believe it, and don't tell Laura unless you must. Hap.

I had barely finished reading when Laura knocked and came in. I crushed the note in my hand.

"What's the matter with everybody?" she asked. "John went away after a mysterious message, and now Hap has gone, and you're here looking like a ghost. What is it? Has Natalie lost anything else?"

"I don't know," I replied. "I haven't seen her."

"I didn't dare come up until I saw

your light still burning, and I thought, perhaps—have you and Hap quarreled?"

"No," I said. "Why should I quarrel with Hap?"

"Something has happened," she insisted. "You look queer, guilty. Has Hap been proposing to you?"

"How absurd you are," I smiled. "Don't you think of anything, dear, but love and proposals and marriage?"

"Perhaps I don't," she replied slowly. "No one will let me think of anything else. Loulie, I'm sick of it all," she burst out suddenly. "I've made a fool of myself. I expected Winthrop tonight; I even waited at the gate, sure of him, and he didn't come. Does he think that's the way to win a woman? Then when I came back, Charlie Ayer made a fool of himself. You've been neglecting him lately, and he had to turn to me for consolation, so with Benny Bliss, and now Charlie—!"

"It's in the air," I said, and the tone was tragic, although I intended to be flippant.

"Even His Grace has been considering me," she went on, "ever since Mrs. Higginson let it drop how much I was worth in my own right. Of course, he's after money, and I could be the Duchess de Trouville if I beckoned, notwithstanding all that devotion to Natalie. I have more money than she has. I've been wondering tonight if I'm not all wrong, if it isn't wiser to marry someone who wants me rather than some one I want." She suddenly covered her face with her hands.

"Don't, dear," I begged. "Winthrop loves you. He's working for you."

"Is he?" she asked, and her hands fell to her sides listlessly. "He hasn't told me so. A woman wants something to go on. A woman wants a man to take her and keep her and let nothing matter but that he loves her. That's what a woman wants, isn't it? He would come if he cared. He would ask me to marry him if he really cared."

"Perhaps he couldn't come," I said. "I heard him go out in the boat while you were out at dinner. Perhaps he intended to get back and his naughty heroine kept him. You know he solves knotty places like that, and he's trying so hard to finish. Laura, you know he loves you."

"Yes, I suppose so," she agreed. "I can't see it that way tonight. I'm hurt and I've drifted dangerously near a precipice. Charley Ayer nearly pulled me over. After all, I couldn't be so desperately unhappy with Charlie.

Perhaps it needed only a word from me to fulfil my duty to Mrs. Hazard, but I couldn't say it. I seized her hands in my own and with a vehemence that surprised both of us, I said:

"Don't give up the man you love, dear. He needs you, he's going to need you more. Love him, believe in him, and whatever happens, keep on believing in him."

"What's wrong with you?" she demanded. "You are not yourself. Is anything troubling you? Not that silly ruby? Has John's going away anything to do with it?"

"No, dear, there's nothing wrong with me."

"You haven't been—been arrested?"

"No, of course not. But I'm dead tired. I think I've let myself get hysterical. Perhaps the summer has been more wearing than I thought. I'm going to sleep now; I'll be all right tomorrow."

"You're coming with me," she said.

"No, not tonight. I want to be alone. I'll be up early. May I kiss you good-night."

She laughed, kissed me and started out; then she paused and turned back.

"Don't you worry over what Natalie said. It's perfectly silly." And she was gone.

I noticed that the telephone was ringing insistently on Mrs. Hazard's desk. I answered it. It was long distance, wanting Mrs. Hazard. I sent for her, dreading what might come over the wire. I was so ignorant of what could be done to Winthrop. I lingered only with the idea of being able to help her.

"Yes," she answered. "Is that you, John? * * * Wait up? * * * What is it you want me to sign? * * * Oh?" She held the receiver to her ear a long while, but she didn't say anything else except "Good-by."

"What is it someone wants you to sign?" Laura wanted to know.

"I don't know," she replied. "It was John. I shall have to wait up and see." The tone was casual, so casual that Laura went back to her room without another question.

I was just getting into bed when a knock came. It was not Laura's decisive tap, no Celie's inquiring one. I threw on a dressing gown and opened the door. Natalie stood there, her tall, slim figure gracefully outlined against the lighted corridor.

"Won't you come in?" I asked mechanically, falteringly. I was amazed. What could have brought her.

"May I?" she asked droopily. "No, I won't sit down"—as I snapped on the lights and indicated a chair—"I just want to say something to you. I couldn't sleep until I did. I want to apologize to you, to tell you that I spoke in haste about that—lost ruby. I'm sorry. I know that you couldn't possibly have done such a thing, couldn't possibly. I made a frightful mistake. I shall also apologize to Mrs. Hazard. Do you believe me?" She suddenly put out a slim hand, and I remembered the time when I was afraid and that hand had been a protecting one. A little wave of friendliness swept over me.

"Yes, I believe you," I replied. "You are very kind to come and tell me so."

"Let us be friends, Miss Codman," she drawled. Her cool hand touched mine. "I think you dislike me, but we'll change that if you will. We missed you tonight. There wasn't just the usual cheerful order of things. Everybody was ill-assorted, aggressive and argumentative. I hope you will not be ill again. We can't spare you. Well, good night." She melted to the door. "I lost my head this afternoon, or I should never have said what I did. Do you sincerely forgive me?"

"Yes," I replied. "Good night."

She regarded me for a moment through half-closed lids, as if I had agreed too readily, then her lips parted in a smile.

"Good-night," she repeated cheerfully.

I crept into bed wondering, bewildered, and lay there for a long time staring wild-eyed, questioningly into the darkness. Why this apology? What had caused Natalie to change her mind?

Just how long I had been asleep I don't know, but suddenly I found myself sitting up in bed, conscious that a door had opened and closed, conscious, too, that some one was in the room. My hand flew to the button beside my bed; I had to know the extent of my danger!

The lights flashed. The person who stood there was Hap, blinking in the sudden glare of the light, looking comically surprised and rather disheveled in a most becoming yellow dressing-gown. The situation would have been embarrassing if I had not been so scared.

"I beg your pardon," he managed to say. "I really beg your pardon."

He turned, jerked at the door, and was gone. I jumped out of bed, turned the key in every lock, and sank in a heap on the floor. The day had been too much for me.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Woman in the Corridor.

The insistent rattle of gravel on the screen woke me. I arose, put on the white flannel, tied the ribbon around my head with fingers that were far from steady, and picked up my racket. The tennis was going to be a farce. My wrists were limp, my shoulders like lead, my head chaos. Out of the chaos persisted one thought. But I tried not to ponder too much on that adventure of the night before until Hap had had a chance to explain.

He was tapping the balls into the air as I came across the lawn. He met me half-way.

"I've an explanation to make before we begin," he said.

I know I went red, but he was not looking at me. He led the way to a rustic bench that ran the length of the court, and waited for me to sit down.

"I want to tell you why I happened to be in your rom this morning," he said quite frankly. The tone robbed his words of my embarrassment. I could even let my face relax. "Perhaps first you'd like to know that we got Winthrop out on bail," he went on, "although it took the combined efforts of Hazard money and Crowninshield influence to do it. We had to drag a judge away from a poker game and my mother to jail at midnight to go bail."

"But Mr. Abbott's out. He's at home?" I questioned.

"Yes," he answered. "Oh, it's a lot of tommyrot. They have nothing against him. A mudheaded detective pounced upon the first person he saw, which happened to be Winthrop, shot him in the arm, and found some family jewels in his safe."

"Jewels!" I exclaimed.

"I might as well tell you—you'll see it in the newspapers. They mean nothing, except the lively imaginations of the police connect them with the jewel robberies we've reading about."

"How absurd! But, of course, Mr. Abbott can prove he didn't steal them? The people who have been robbed will have to identify their property, and there you are! If they are Mr. Abbott's family jewels, they are not any one's else. It's ridiculously simple, isn't it?"

"It is," he agreed. He narrowed his eyes and stared into space for a while, then arose and began pacing in front of me. What he was trying to figure in, or out, was that emerald bracelet which I didn't know about, and of which he had not the slightest intention of telling me. It was incriminating evidence against Winthrop.

"What does Mr. Crowninshield think?" I asked.

"Oh, you know how he is—a regular clam. Thinks a great deal and says nothing. He's inclined to treat the whole thing as a joke, except—"

"Except what?"

He sat down suddenly.

"I'm forgetting to tell you my exciting little story," he said, and the question passed unswered. "We got home about two, all dead tired. I took Winthrop home and wanted to stay with him, but he wouldn't have it. It didn't take me long to go to sleep. Well, something woke me—what, I don't know—but it was odd, for I never wake up suddenly. I sat up in bed and listened. At first I could only hear the surf, and then I caught another sound, an annoying little rasp I couldn't explain to myself. I thought a lot of stuff about rats and such junk, but I got up and went into John's bedroom. I listened again; the sound was closer. I didn't want to wake John, for I knew he would be amused, but with all these robberies, I decided I'd find out what it was.

"Finally I located the sound in the hall. I sneaked to the door and listened. Ten seconds of listening convinced me that some one was at Natalie's door and the sound was that of an instrument against the lock.

"Now, what I intended to do was to jerk open John's door suddenly and see who it was and why he was there. But the blamed door stuck as I jerked, and when I did get it open a woman—a woman, you understand!—was scooting down the hallway, not up toward the steps, but down toward Laura's room, or mine. It was pretty dark, but there was enough light for me to see that it wasn't Laura. Laura is skinny; this woman was plump.

"I can't tell you why I followed except the thing was queer. The lady reached the end of the hall, opened Laura's door and disappeared. I followed. I was just in time to see the door into Laura's bedroom close. Now, I was sure it wasn't Laura, so I followed again. Laura was asleep and there was a swish of skirts through the door into my mother's bedroom. I lost track there of everything except that some one was trying to escape me. My mother was snoring softly as we whizzed through—whoever it was ahead of me and myself—then—well, the next thing after more door-opening and closing, my going into a chair once and knocking the peeling off my shins, was your screaming." He paused and stared at me. "Loulie, do you remember any one coming in before you screamed?"

"No," I replied. "I really don't remember screaming. I knew something was wrong, that I was sitting up in bed, that I had snapped on the lights, and that—that you were there."

"I was so astonished when you screamed," he went on, "that I stopped dead in my tracks and whoever was trying to escape me, did. I went back to bed and did some thinking. I tried to connect up all the queer things that had happened—Natalie losing her jewels, Winthrop being arrested, the woman at Natalie's door, but I couldn't get anywhere. My mind simply tied itself into a knot, everything jumbled. I could make no connection. But there's one thing certain If we have a thief here it's a woman!"

My mouth dropped open a bit in the way I thought I had learned to control, but I didn't say anything.

"If there had been just one door locked I'd have had her, but every door was unlocked, making it as easy as pie for anybody who wanted to steal."

"But we have nothing to steal," I expostulated; "at least no jewels. I have none, Laura has none, and your mother's are in the bank. Natalie's door was locked, wasn't it?"

"She has had her lesson."

"Besides, we've never been certain before that a thief was here."

"We are not certain now," he pointed out. "But something is wrong, queer. I want you to keep mum about it. I'm going to investigate."

"Ah, Monsieur Lecoq!" I taunted.

"Don't laugh. I'm quite serious about it. I have all sorts of theories."

"If you're quite serious about it you ought to have all sorts of a detective," I suggested.

"One is coming, but it isn't going to keep me from doing a little work on my own hook. A detective might find a gang planted here among the servants; I might find the chief at the dinner-table. Fascinating, isn't it?"

"Horrible!" I declared.

"Perhaps Natalie's ruby was stolen after all," he mused. He began pacing again. "I thought she was crazy for why would a thief take one jewel and leave the others? I'm not so sure now but that she is right. We no doubt have a charming creature in our midst with a delightful sense of humor."

"And you are going to unearth her?"

He sat down again and looked at me intently.

"Are you losing the main point?" he demanded. "You must be cleared of suspicion, you know."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "I am no longer suspected. Miss Agazziz came to my room last night and said she was sure I hadn't taken her ruby; that she realized I couldn't possibly have done such a thing, couldn't possibly."

"Well, I'll be ——!" He stared at me. "What happened to make her change her mind?"

"I don't know," I answered. "She didn't give me the impression that anything had happened. She was quite calm and cool, as she always is, and she was rather friendly."

He brushed the forelock out of his eyes, and regarded me for a while with that comically surprised expression of his. Then he laughed.

"You'll excuse me," he said, "but the thing is funny. Wait a minute! Let me think! She heard about Winthrop."

"I'm sure she didn't," I assured him. "I don't see how she could have heard. No one knew it but myself until that message came for your mother. Your mother talked to Mr. Crowninshield from her own room. It's her own private number, as you know, and has no possible connection with the other phone. The conversation revealed nothing, even if anyone had been listening at the door. Laura did not guess, and you know how keen she is. Miss Agazziz came in soon after, but she couldn't possibly have known."

"I believe she did know.

"You're rather strange in your belief, aren't you? Whatever else, Natalie is, she isn't a hypocrite," I defended. "You ought not to be too hard on her, remembering that once you——"

"Once I made a fool of myself," he interrupted. "We're going to forget all about that, you and I, aren't we?"

"Yes," I replied; then after a moment: "We are going to forget all about everything, you and I."

"Except that we love each other."

"We are going to forget that," I said firmly.

"I have another strange belief," he smiled. "I believe I'm going to marry you."

There was no use answering. I picked up two tennis balls and started for the other end of the court. But it's just in my sex to have the last word. I looked back over my shoulder.

"And I believe you're going to make some girl an argumentative husband," I said very, very sweetly.

He opened his lips to reply, smiled, changed his mind and swung his racket into position.

"Ready!" he called.

To Be Continued.

Calendar of Discontent.

SPRING.

Too well I knew you, Spring and so restrain
My foolish muse from all such flatterings vain
As "mild" and "gentle"—lest I be repaid,
Even as Marsyas of old, and flayed,
This time by icy hail and cutting sleet.
Instead—I pray your going may be fleet,
That soon I may forget and drowse away
My weariness beneath dear Summer's sway.

SUMMER.

Insufferable season of the sun,
When will your endless reign of fire be done?
When will your noisy insect court take flight?
Your orchestra that rests not—day or night;
Your armies with unconquerable stings;
When will they flee—what for do they have wings?
How long before brave Autumn with a shout,
Will succor me and put them all to rout?

AUTUMN.

You dismal mourner, wailing by the bier
Of Summer dead, with lamentations drear,
Driving me frantic, ever and anon
With reminiscences of Summer gone,
Now mimicking her tenderest airs and tones,
Now harrowing me with horrid shrieks and groans,
Were good old jolly Winter only here
I'd soon forget you and your evil cheer!

WINTER.

Hoary imposter! with mock jovial air,
You took the green earth prisoner unaware
And pinioned the trees that moan and call
To Spring to free them from your icy thrall.
You manacled the stream who tugs in vain
To loose himself from your relentless chain.
And I—my heart is sad, my lyre is dumb.
Mild, gentle Spring—Oh! will you ever come!

—Oliver Herford, in Scribner's.

Protested Even Under Anaesthetic.

Pall Mall Gazette.

G. B. Shaw, in speaking at an anti-vivisection meeting last night, mentioned that he himself had been operated on—or experimented on. It so happened that his wife was interested in operations and wished to be present at his operation, partly from the point of view of science, but more particularly to see that the surgeons did not remove more of him than was necessary.

During that operation he was entirely insensible to pain. He did not suffer and yet his wife told him afterward that he behaved as if he were grumbling and protesting from start to finish.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers:

Will someone please tell through these columns how I can prevent my cow from becoming afflicted with tuberculosis? I bought her a few days ago and turned her into a pasture with 12 other cows, and now one of the herd has tuberculosis.—S., Lock Seven, W. Va.

Will some reader please give me a remedy for hog cholera? My neighbors are losing all their fine hogs, and as I have some also I would be glad to learn at once what will cure them.—T., Laurenceberg, Tenn.

Will some one please tell me through the columns of The Blade how to destroy Canadian thistles?—K., South Whitely, Ind.

There is something wrong with my apple trees. The leaves begin to turn yellow about the last of June or the first of July and fall off. I would like to know the cause and a remedy.—R., Leck, Va.

Last year I read in these columns of a mixture for driving flies off of cattle by spraying them with it. Fish oil was one of the ingredients, being the only one I can remember. I used it and found it better than other preparations which I had used previously. Can some reader furnish me with the receipe through this department?—B., Springfield, O.

Cabbage Worm Remedies.

Seeing a request for removing worms from cabbage plants three readers of the Farmstead have sent in remedies.

1.—Sprinkle each head or plant with cold water just pumped from a well by holding the water in a dipper about two feet above plant. After the sprinkling, place a little salt in each head and it will prove beneficial.—H., Ithaca, N. Y.

2.—One or two applications of buckwheat flour will rid one's cabbage plants of worms. I used it with good results.—C., Shepardsville, Mich.

3.—I have used this recipe to get rid of cabbage worms and it gave satisfaction. Take two parts of wheat flour, one part of cayenne pepper, one part of sulphur and mix together. Sprinkle on cabbage plants while the dew is on them.—N., Callensburg, Pa.

Diet for Colt.

In answer to S., Brownsville, Ind., as to what kind of diet to place a three-months-old colt on I would like to say that if he will steep up clover hay and mix in enough milk to make it look like good rich coffee I think he will be greatly pleased with the result. I have a five-year-old mare which we raised by hand, feeding it for a time on oatmeal mush mixed with milk. But a friend advised us of this clover tea and after feeding the latter to the colt it began to grow very fast.—J., Battle Creek, Mich.

Chickens With Limberneck.

The trouble with chickens of W., W. Va., is that they are suffering from limberneck. It is caused by eating little worms and maggots that breed around hog pens or any place covered with filth. To cure them feed dough with turpentine mixed with buttermilk. Give them alum and buttermilk to drink. Clean up the premises around the chicken yard and make sure that they cannot go to any filthy place. A little carbolic acid in their drinking water will help them along, too.—I., Mountain City, Tenn.

Cow With Clabbered Milk.

E., Lexington, N. C.—Your cow has what is known as inward fever. It can be cured by the following remedy: Give her two handfuls of boiled hops and if she will not eat them take the hops from the juice and drench her with the latter. This is one of the best cures known.—S., Parkersburg, W. Va.

To Destroy Stumps.

To destroy a stump bore a one and one-half inch or two-inch hole in the top of the stump about October 1. Be sure that you bore the hole in the top and not under the stump. Fill the hole with saltpetre, plug, and let stand until spring when the stump will have absorbed the saltpetre. Then withdraw the plug, fill the hole with kerosene and set fire to it. For a large stump three or four holes would be best. Have them large enough to hold about two pounds of saltpetre, and be sure to avoid all seams where the saltpetre might leak out into the ground.—T., Bradford, Pa.

Notes of Interest to Farmers.

An eastern farmer, who has tried it with good success, recommends applying a half a teaspoonful of gasoline to the crowns of the dandelion plants. He states this kills them and more easily than it can be done with knife or other methods.

We need more canneries to work up the surplus fruit and vegetables that otherwise would go to waste.

From the many reports to us, we are sure that there will be a large acreage of strawberries planted this fall

Scald out the milk cans every morning after you are through with them and place them where they can dry in the sunlight. The sun is the greatest and most effective enemy of bacteria. If you do this you will remove one of the causes of strong flavors in milk.

The best way to insure the rapid growth and health of the calf is to keep it in a darkened stall during the heat of the day. Its mother may be let in to it at noon so that it may have an opportunity to get its feed. By keeping the calf in the barn it will not be annoyed by the flies or be exposed to the sun.

More celery should be grown in the home garden. It is easily grown, even when started from the seed, and one is amply repaid for the time consumed in its production. It may be kept during the entire winter as sweet and crisp as if fresh. Give celery a trial.

The best time to salt butter is before it is taken from the churn, and just as it is gathered in granules.

See that your cows never drink stagnant water.

Never give dry or dusty feed to cows during milking.

Don't mix hot and cold cream. Cool cream retards ripening.

For a quick-growing vine to cover unsightly places, there is nothing better than the wild cucumber. The little plants may be gotten in the woods, and if taken up with considerable earth they will stand transplanting nicely.

Reports indicate that the potato enemies are more numerous than ever this year. For this reason, then, it is necessary that they be given better care and management so that they can have a good opportunity to grow without giving all their energy to fighting enemies. Spray them and the potato bug will cease to bother you and the potatoes.

The flesh condition of a sheep cannot be judged by looking at it. Always go over a sheep with the fingers, examining every part of its anatomy before sending it to market.

Some gardeners pack cauliflower by drawing a few of the other leaves over them and tying the ends at the tops.

Thing out the turnips as soon as they are two inches high, as those left will be less disturbed than when larger.

Make lime water by adding two or three pounds of quick lime to a barrel of water.

Some owners of farms in the far west claim they can raise 14 sheep to the acre on alfalfa and beet pulp.

Be sure to provide plenty of fresh air for the chicks these hot nights. It is essential to their growth and health.

Millet seed is one of the best of foods for the little chicks. It can be grown upon any farm. It matures in about 80 days after planting.

The roosting sheds should be as open as possible during the summer so as to allow plenty of fresh air during the night for the fowls and growing chicks. There is nothing that will stunt chicks as quickly as bad air in the sleeping quarters.

Kerosene Emulsion.

Take two gallons of best kerosene, one gallon of boiling water and eight ounces of soft soap. Dissolve the soap in the boiling water, when dissolved add the kerosene and churn the mixture with a spray pump or syringe for fully 10 minutes, so as to get the oil and water thoroughly emulsified, when the mixture becomes stable and the oil will not separate from the water, even when kept for a considerable time. If the oil is not thoroughly emulsified, and there is free oil present, it is apt to injure the foliage when applied and if free oil gets on to the roots of the tree in any quantity it will probably kill the tree; therefore it is always best to be on the safe side and be sure that you churn the mixture till it is properly emulsified. The strength at which kerosene emulsion is applied varies with the trees to which it has to be applied and with the insects that are to be destroyed. For scale insects on citrus trees, olives and hard-wooded trees generally, one gallon of emulsion added to seven gallons of water will not injure the tree, except perhaps a few very tender shoots, but when used on peaches, Japanese plums (not persimmons), it must be used much weaker, in fact, I do not recommend it for these trees when they are in leaf, though it is valuable as a winter wash for destroying scale insects.

Clover Hay Worms.

In recent years many of our readers have been troubled with the clover hay worm and the pest seems to be increasing in importance throughout the Middle West. The worm hatches from eggs laid by a small moth measuring some two-fifths of an inch from tip to tip of its wings. Its color is glossy lilac purple. The moths appear early in June and begin laying by the 10th or 15th of that month. Their favorite breeding grounds are in the old hay bottoms or mows containing hay from the previous years, or in the bottoms of the stacks still remaining in the fields. If hay stacks are left in the fields, the moths, as they emerge from the stacks, often lay their eggs in the heads of the new clover crop. From these the larvae or worms hatch in a few days. The worms are of a brownish color. They feed upon the clover for a few weeks and then begin to spin silken cocoons in which they pass the chrysalis form and from which the mature moth issues in about two weeks. They are from two to three broods a year. The moths from the second broods appear in August. They then begin to lay eggs for the third brood, which carries the insect through the winter.

The only practical remedy for preventing the multiplication of this insect consists in cleaning out all hay mows before the new crop is put into them and in destroying all stack bottoms not later than June 10, before the first moths begin to appear and lay their eggs for the first brood. If your stack bottoms are interwoven with silky threads and webs, you may be sure that the insect is present and the best thing to do is to burn such stack bottoms at the earliest possible moment; likewise if the botom of your hay mow is damp and the lower layer is filled with these webs, clean out all the old hay and destroy it. Clean up the floor and spread a layer of lime over it. The lime will destroy such of the insects as may not have been removed with the hay. A little attention to this matter at the present time will prevent your hay spoiling next year. Build your hay stacks on fresh ground and don't put new hay in your mow until the floor has been thoroughly cleaned as recommended.

The Scrub Hog.

Possibly there is no other farm animal that can offer as poor an excuse for his existence as the scrub hog. He is an unprofitable animal any way you take him. As an economical pork producer he is a failure. Even his ability to shift for himself does not recommend him to the people within the limit of his range, as he has the reputation of preying upon the neighboring corn fields when food is scarce.

His build naturally adapts him to his manner of living, since he is long-legged, narrow in chest and has a long, narrow snout. This adapts him to his manner of living. With the scrub hog it is "root, hog or die," hence the long snout. His narrow body aids him in getting through narrow fence cracks, and if he fails to find a place large enough to go through the fence, he can dig under with his long snout.

There is no standard of excellence for the scrub hog, since he may possess almost any form except a beautiful one; he may be of any color. He has the reputation of being able to stand all kinds of treatment and still survive. He is regarded as being able to resist disease better than the improved breeds of hogs. We doubt very much whether this quality attributed to the scrub hog is true, since we have noticed that hog cholera takes the scrub hog as well as the well bred hog.

One thing is sure, that the scrub hog can consume more valuable feed and give less in return than any other animal we know of. A farmer who owns a herd of scrub hogs seldom needs any other crib than his hogs. He never gets rich selling pork, and, in fact, if he depends upon his hogs to make him enough money to get better bred hogs he will never own better ones.

The scrub hog usually keeps his owner so poor that he is not able to buy better stock. In fact, this is the excuse usually given for his existence. Poor farming and scrub hogs are usually found associated together. They are near and dear companions. Both make a rapid retreat before a progressive spirit and there is not a better evidence of the general progressiveness of a people than the absence of the scrub hog from the community.

Sow Rape in Cornfields.

As a feeding proposition there is none more attractive than the fattening of sheep on rape in cornfields. Sow the rape at the last cultivation of the corn crop. Buy good feeders early and turn them into the field as soon as it is ready. Sheep have a great relish for rape and will make gains from early fall until the beginning of winter. No grains will be required. The rape and the corn shoots and blades will insure sufficient increase in weight to make a profit well worth seeking. Old ewes that have passed their maternity usefulness can be conditioned and sold for good prices from the corn and rape field.

Growing Protein.

Since protein is the most expensive element in a feeding stuff when feed must be bought, care should be taken to grow crops that contain as much of this constituent as possible. The dairyman will be especially anxious to save the expense of buying protein, because every pound he buys reduces his profits.

The legumes are rich in protein as well as in carbohydrates, consequently these crops will be in favor where dairy cows, beef cattle, work stock, hogs or sheep are kept. But this is not the whole story. Legumes also leave the land richer for other crops and are worth planting for this use alone, with considering their feeding value.

Farmers who have animals should plant liberally of such legumes as alfalfa, clover, vetch, cowpeas, soy beans and peanuts, because of the feeding constituents of these plants. They are exceptionally rich in protein and when fed in abundance reduce the amount of milled feeds, such as cotton seed meal, wheat shorts, rice bran, etc., also the amount of tankage for hogs.

While is may not be, and seldom is, advisable to dispense with concentrates that must be bought, it is always desirable to reduce the amount needed. This can be done where plenty of legumes are grown.

Celery Culture.

Celery can be easily grown in the home garden in almost any soil that has been well supplied with moisture. The crop has been grown on drained bogs, in a commercial way, where the water comes close to the surface, because of the moisture such soil afford to the plants. It is not necessary to plant celery in trenches, which was the approved method years ago. It may be successfully grown in rows closely planted where the stalks will be very well blanched from the shade provided by the leaves. This is now a popular method of growing celery in the home garden. It may also be planted in rows and blanched with boards, earth or straw.

However, the best quality is obtained where the blanching is largely done in the cellar, where it should be stored with roots and moist earth attached to each plant. If the soil is kept moist and water is not allowed to come in contact with the stalks, it will grow more or less during a portion of the winter, provided the cellar is moist and warm. Celery may be pitted in trenches in the field or garden and the roots packed in earth with the tips covered with clean straw, where is will keep for several weeks in good, crisp condition. The art of successful storage of celery is as important as that of growing the crop.

The most stocky plants in root and branch for late planting are started out of doors in propagating beds where the seed has been thinly sown. Transplanting a couple of times and shearing the roots and tops will also aid in making stocky, thrifty plants for the winter supply. If the soil becomes dry an occasional flooding with water will improve their condition and thus keep them growing thriftly. When the plants are well established and stalks formed they may gradually be banked with earth, which will have a tendency to increase the stalks and their number.

Celery is a health producing vegetable as well as a luxury for the family. It should be grown in every home garden as a staple crop. If you do not happen to have a supply of plants they can be purchased for a reasonable price from seedmen in lots of 100 to 1,000. They may be safely packed and shipped by express, in which event they will reach the planter in good condition. Plant some celery.

Mark All Poor Ewes.

At this time of the year every ewe has proved her worth by the number and kind of lambs she has produced, by her nursing ability and by the amount and quality of her fleece. If she produced a good lamb and had milk enough for it, if she had a large fleece and a good one, then she is worth keeping; if the reverse is true she is a drone in the flock, other things being equal. Of course there are sometimes extenuating circumstances that tend to make an ewe excusible for poor performance, but for the most part ewes get similar care and have similar surroundings and the ewe that does not do as well as the average or the best of her sisters would best be sold for mutton. There are in many flocks ewes that for two or three years in succession have failed to produce lambs, they ought not to be there, but they are, and we have known men to keep ewes on and on, even when they knew that they were not giving good returns. There may be some sentiment about this, but certainly there is mighty little business about it. A ewe very soon eats her head off if she does not produce a lamb. The values of her fleece, if she has a good one, may pay for her keep, but it does not leave any margin at all for profit. Her place may far better be taken by a ewe that will bring better returns.

A thin, poorly fleeced ewe has little if any right to a place in the flock, not alone because the fleece brings less money, but also because it protect her less from the elements In this cold climate a ewe need to have a thick close fleece if she is to be kept free from colds and a snotty nose. An examination of the sheep which are troubled with snotty nose, will almost always reveal the fact that they have a thin, open fleece, if you notice any like those in your flock, mark them for mutton.

Old ewes whose teeth are getting broken down should also be disposed of, though they have given good service in the past. When a ewe arrives at the age when she cannot eat well, she is not likely to produce a good lamb, or, if she does produce one, will not have milk enough for it. The fleece gets poorer every year, too, and after five years of age a ewe needs to be a mighty good one if it pays to keep her in the flock.

Every shepherd should go over his flock at this time while he still remembers what each ewe has done and should mark with a daub of paint or some other device such ewes as he wants to sell. Then when the time comes for fattening he will know just which ones to cull out and will not make the mistake of selling the good ewes and keeping his poor ones. The man who fails entirely to cull his flock each year is surely never going to get this flock to built up. There is just one way to improve a flock and that is by intelligent selection.

Floods Hard on Ticks.

The recent floods in the Mississippi valley have given the planter an exceptional opportunity to deal a decisive blow against the tick which transmits splenetic or Texas fever of cattle. When the waters began to rise the cattle wherever possible, were taken to higher lands, such as mounds and the levees.

In many cases all of the cattle found in areas of many square miles were concentrated on the levees While the cattle have been greatly concentrated in this manner the ticks have been destroyed in the pastures. It is true that the cattle tick is somewhat resistant to water, but the long duration of the flood and the force of the current in the present instance have undoubtedly practically, if not completely exterminated the tick in all except high localities in many counties in Arkansas, Louisiana and Mississippi.

Of course, the cattle that were concentrated on the levees or mounds carried many ticks to those places with them. These ticks have developed on the cattle and their progeny have reinfested the cattle. When these cattle are returned to the pastures, which are now free from ticks, they will carry many ticks with them and in this manner the pastures will quickly become reinfested. If proper steps are taken by owners of the cattle this reinfestation can be prevented to a very great extent.

The bereau of animal industry of the United States department of agriculture has been actively co-operating with the authorities of the states concerned in an effort to protect the overflowed areas from reinfestation, and if stock owners take advantage of the present opportunity, tick eradication in the localities in question may be assured at very slight expense. The first thing to be done is to destroy the ticks on the cattle before they return to the pastures. This can be done by greasing the cattle with crude oil or by the use of the well known arsenical dip.

This step alone will prevent the reinfestation of the pastures. Another step should be taken to insure the continued freedom of the pastures from ticks. If the cattle not returned to the pastures are allowed to visit the place where they have been concentrated on the levees or mounds they will naturally become infested with the progeny of ticks hatched from eggs deposited by individuals that were attached when the cattle were taken to higher places. It is therefore necessary for some time to prevent the cattle from grazing on the grass where they have been concentrated.—Kansas City Weekly Journal.

Climate Influences Speech.

Harper's Weekly.

It is a curious suggestion that a country's speech may be dependent on the average of the temperature in that country. Yet such a suggestion has been seriously offered by a distinguished British scientist who has been engaged in research in Thibet. He ascribes the excessive use of consonants in the speech of Thibet to the intense cold that prevails in that land.

A peculiarity of the language of the Thibetans, in common with that of the Russians and most Arctic regions, is the existence of remarkably few vowels in their words and an extraordinarily large number of consonants. Indeed this authority points out so full of consonants are the Thibetan words, that most of them could be articulated with almost semi-closed mouth a circumstance that evidently proceeds from the enforced necessity in that region of keeping one's lips closed as far as possible against the cutting cold when speaking.

Sun Has Another Spot.

New York World.

The largest sun spot which has been detected within a year, a patch on the sun's surface 10,000 miles in diameter, though its mark on the 17-inch image at the Mt. Wilson observatory measures but a fifth of an inch across, is now under observation at the Carnegie observatory and has been photographed several times since its appearance. The area of the sun spot is is approximately 78,540,000 square miles, a surface nearly ten times the size of North America.

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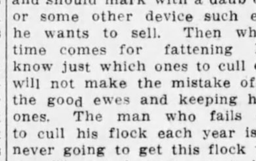

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TOLSTOY AND THE FAMINE

(The Russian Empire is once more in the grip of a terrible famine. Millions of people in all parts of Russia are starving, although the Russian government is making every effort to conceal this fact from the world. The Russian bureaucrats are eager to spread an impression abroad that all is well in the land of the czar. Count Leo Tolstoy depicted in his writings the horrors of the famine-stricken peasants as no other writer ever did. The following short article by the latter Count Tolstoy, translated by Herman Bernstein, is characteristic and appropriate at present.)

WHAT? People starving again? Starving! Free kitchens! Free kitchens! Starving people! Why this is so old and we have grown dreadfully tired of it!"

You have grown tired of it in Moscow, in St. Petersburg and here, where from morning till night people are standing near our windows or at our doors, and where it is impossible to pass the street without hearing the same phrases: "We have had nothing to eat for two days; we have sold our last sheep for food. What shall we do now? We have reached the end. Must we die now?" and so forth—here, however disgraceful it is to admit it, we have grown so tired of it that we look upon these people as upon our enemies.

I rise very early; It was a clear cold morning, with a red sunrise; the snow was creaking under my feet on the steps; I came outside in the hope that no one would be there yet, that I could take a walk.

But no sooner did I open the door than two stood before me; one of them a tall, broad-shouldered peasant in a short, ragged fur coat, in worn-out bast shoes, with an emaciated face, with a sack across his shoulder. With him was a 14-year-old boy, in a torn coat and bast shoes, with a sack across his shoulders and a stick in his hand.

I was aboout to walk past them when they commenced to bow to me and make the usual speeches. There was nothing to be done, so I returned to the vestibule. They followed me.

"What is it?"

"We have come to your Honor."

"What?"

"To your Honor."

"What is it you wish?"

"We have come for help."

"What help?"

"About our life!"

"What is it you want?"

"We are dying of hunger. Help us as much as you can."

"Where do you come from?"

"From Zatvornoye."

I knew that was a beggarly village in which we had not yet opened a free kitchen. Paupers were coming from there by scores, and I immediately pictured that man in my imagination as a professional beggar and I felt vexed, especially because they were taking their children along with them and thus corrupting them.

"What is it you are asking for?"

"Consider what you can do for us."

"How shall I consider it? We cannot do anything here. We'll come over to your village."

But he did not listen to me. And again I heard the same speeches which I had heard hundreds of times before, and which seemed to me to be affected.

"We had a poor crop; there are eight souls in my family, and I am the only worker; the old woman is dead; we sold the cow in the summer for food; our last horse died before Christmas; the children are asking for something to eat; there is nowhere to go—we haven't eaten in three days."

It was the usual thing, the same story. I was waiting for him to finish. But he kept talking.

"I thought I could manage to get along somehow. But I have no more strength. I have never been beggars before, but now God has driven me to it."

The boy looked at me with plaintive beautiful, brown eyes, full of tears and hope, and one bright teardrop burned on his nose and just at that moment it fell down upon the wooden floor of the snow brought in on our boots. And the sweet, exhausted face of the boy with his curly locks of flaxen hair twitched from the sobs which he was suppressing.

To me the words of his father were an old, outworn yarn. But to him the story of the terrible times which he was going through together with his father, and especially as it was told at thte solemn moment when they had at last reached me, stirred him to emotion, shaking his nerves which were weakened by starvation. And I was tired of it all, tired of it;

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Concerning Meningitis

NOTWITHSTANDING the efforts of Shreveport, La., to keep out meningitis by establishing a cordon against the state of Texas, where a considerable epidemic of the disease occurred during the winter and spring, a number of cases occurred in the city and vicinity. Some interesting figures have been prepared by the local health officer concerning the disease. Since Dec. 4, 1911, 111 cases were reported in the city and nineteen cases were imported, making the total number of cases treated 130. Exclusive of imported cases, twenty-seven patients were white and eighty-four colored, eighty-two were males and forty-six females. Among the cases in the city there were seventy-nine recoveries and thirty-eight deaths, making the percentage of recoveries sixty-five. Of the whites, sixty-three recovered, a percentage of eighty-five. The disease occurred most frequently among negroes between the ages of 11 and 20. The greater number of cases and higher percentage of deaths among the colored population are probably accounted for by the difference in economic and hygienic conditions. The percentage of recoveries at Shreveport is a little better than the average in the Texas epidemic, the deaths in the latter state ranging between forty and sixty per cent. In one city in Texas, where 1,000 cases occurred, the mortality in the city hospital under the same treatment was twenty-seven per cent, while among those treated outside of the hospital with and without the serum it was sixty per cent. In a number of places the death rate reached seventy-five per cent. The Journal of the American Medical Association says in a recent editorial that the showing in favor of the hospital treatment combined with the serum is remarkably good as compared with the ordinary management of these cases. But the death rate for this disease, even under the vigorous action of the health authorities, with the use of the serum, still high, and meningitis still remains one of the most fatal of epidemic diseases.

Agriculture's Evolution.

Gibbon's 'Society and Solitude."

THE first planter, the savage without helpers, without tools, looking chiefly to safety from his enemy—man or beast—takes poor land. Better lands are loaded with timber which he cannot clear; they need drainage, which he cannot attempt. He cannot plough, or fell trees, or drain the rich swamp. He is a poor creature; he scratches with a sharp stick, lives in a cave or a hutch, has no road, but the trail of the moose or bear; he lives on their flesh when he can kill one, on roots and fruits when he cannot.

He falls, and is lame, he coughs, he has a stitch in his side, he has a fever or chills; when he is hungry, he can always kill and eat a bear—chances are—sometimes the bear eats him. Long before he digs or plants at all and then only a patch.

Later he learns that his planting is easier than hunting; that the earth works faster for him than he can work for himself—works for him when he sleeps, when it rains, when heat oversees him. The sunstroke, which strikes him down, brings his corn up. His family thrives, and other plants come up around him, he begins to clear trees and clear good land; and then, by and by, there is more skill in tools and roads, the new generations are strong enough to open the lands, where the wash of the mountains has accumulated the best soil, which yield a hundred fold the former acre. The last lands are the best lands. It needs science and great numbers to cultivate the best lands, and in the best manner. Thus, political economy is not mean, but liberal, and on the pattern of the sun and sky. Population increases in the ratio of mortality; credit exists in the ratio of morality.

Church Opposes Hatless Women.

Mrs. Despard's plan for a "hatless brigade" in England, for the boycotting of milliners till suffrage is granted, has encountered the opposition of the church. One ecclesiastic is quoted as saying that whatever her views on suffrage, "a woman must certainly keep her head covered in church or the church wardens would refuse her admission."

Snails Numerous in Ceylon.

A plague of snails is reported from the island of Ceylon, part of which is overrun by these animals. All vegetation is devoured as soon as it appears, and the natives have found it necessary to co-operate against them. Trenches are dug to stay their progress, and they are kept from the trees by placing a circle on the ground around the trunks of cork or fiber, impregnated with tar or pitch.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

ELECTION OF 1860.

Please give the names of the presidential and vice-presidential candidates in the year 1860. Also the number of votes, both popular and electoral, which each received.—S. A. S., Stanley, N. C.

The presidential candidates of 1860 were Abraham Lincoln, Republican; Stephen A. Douglas, Democrat; J. C. Breckinridge, Democrat; and John Bell, Union. Those running for vice-president were Hannibal Hamlin, Republican; H. V. Johnson, Democrat with Douglas; Joseph Lane, Democrat with Breckinridge; and Edward Everett, Union. Lincoln received 1,866,352 popular votes and 180 electoral votes; Douglas, 1,375,157 popular votes and 12 electoral votes; Breckinridge, 845,763 popular votes and 72 electoral votes, and Bell received 589,581 popular votes and 39 electoral votes.

LAURA JEAN LIBBEY.

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Laura Jean Libbey in these columns?—E. T. B., Caro, Mich.

Laura Jean Libbey, the author, was born in New York, the daughter of Thomas H. Libbey. She received a private education, and in 1898 was married to Van Mater Stilwell. She began her literary career by contributing to the New York Ledger, Fireside Companion, and Family Story Paper. For years she wrote under contract for George Munro's Sons, and was editor of New York Fashion Bazaar from 1891-4. She has written Lovers Once, But Strangers Now, That Pretty Young Girl, Miss Middleton's Lover, Olive's Courtship, When His Love Grew Cold, and many other novels. She also was the author of several songs and plays.

THE KNOW-NOTHINGS.

Please give an account of the political party known as the Know-Nothings.—S. S. M., Snowden, W. Va.

The Know-Nothings was the name applied to a secret political party society in the United States which was organized in 1853, and which appeared in the elections of 1854 as a well-disciplined party, and the next year polled a large number of votes in several states, both in the North and South. The main idea of the party was opposition to foreign citizenship. In the presidential campaign of 1856 this party appeared as the "American party," presenting Millard Fillmore as its candidate. Fillmore carried only the state of Maryland with its eight votes in the electoral college. The growth of the slavery issue extinguished the question of foreign citizenship, and the party speedily died out.

BRYAN'S MILITARY CAREER.

Please give what information you can about the military career of William Jennings Bryan.—N. S. B., Grand Junction, Mich.

On the outbreak of the Spanish American war, William Jennings Bryan was offered the command of the 3rd Nebraska volunteers with the rank of colonel. This commission he accepted. Owing to the policy of holding large bodies of men in reserve at the various camps, he remained with his regiment at Tampa, Florida, until the treaty of peace was signed, December 10, 1898. Thus Bryan had seen no actual service on the front.

JAMES WEBB.

Please tell who the father of Lucy Webb Hayes was.—W. M., Lee. Ore.

Doctor James Webb was the father of Lucy Webb Hayes. Dr. Webb came from a North Carolina family but later in life Webb removed to Ohio. In 1833 he died of cholera in Lexington, Kentucky. He had gone there for the purpose of sending to Liberia slaves who had been set free by himself and his father. Mrs. Webb was of New England Puritan descent.

THE SEVEN WONDERS.

Will you please give the names of the seven wonders of the world?—M. P. H., Lake Kerr, Fla.

The seven wonders of the world are remarkable for their splendor and magnitude. They are the pyramids of Egypt, the walls and hanging gardens of Babylon, the temple of Diana at Ephesus, the state of the Olympian Jupiter at Athens, the Mausoleum, the Colossus of Rhodes and the Pharos or lighthouse of Alexandria.

THE HOOKWORM.

I would like to have you print some information about the hookworm.—C. M. D., Corry, Pa.

The disease called hookworm is common in five of the southern states in this country. It was first brought over from Africa by the negroes. It has only been recently that the scientists and doctors have been able to cure the disease. When certain cases were brought to them they treated them as malaria, but now it is known that these cases are hookworm. This fact was first discovered by doctors who treated a disease which became prevalent among many of the workmen constructing the St. Gotthard tunnel in the Alps.

The ravages of the disease are terrible among the persons afflicted. In the south there are many such persons who do not work and seem shiftless to those who know nothing of the effects of the disease. The hookworm is a parasite which becomes attached to the outside of the body, from there making its way to the intestines, where it does its greatest damage. Usually the damp soil breeds these parasites, and when the poor people of the south walk along the soil in their uncovered feet the worm clings to them. Thus many of the men who work on the farms with shoes are not affected, while the women and children who remain around the house without shoes are afflicted with the disease.

The hookworm itself is less than one inch long and looks like a bit of soiled, coarse thread. It has all the well developed organs which are necessary for life. The mouth is cup-shaped and bordered by a flattened rim that can be pressed snugly against the intestines during feeding. The strong and muscular esophagus becomes a powerful and effective suction pump. Inside the mouth are two pairs of sharp chitinous lancets and prominent at the rim is a fang with a long gland at its base. When the hookworm is ready to eat it presses its mouth disk against the intestine, draws a tiny pieces of mucous membrane into its mouth, and punctures it with its lancets and fang. Through the minute holes thus made the blood is sucked out. These punctures are repeated many times during a meal and finally the membrane is riddled with holes. After the worm has dropped off certain bacteria find lodgment in the holes and produce small ulcers. Probably the most common and effective remedy for the hookworm is thymol and epsom salts. The first is usually administered by a physician, for it is a dangerous drug if handled carelessly. After the worms have been compelled to drop off by the thymol the salts are administered.

LONDON'S EARLY HISTORY.

I would like to know something about the early history of the city of London.—C. W. H., Riset, W. Va.

It is believed that London was occupied by the Celtic Britons before the arrival of the Romans, but it was not until the Roman era that the city became a place of importance. There were probably two Roman Londons: the first destroyed by Boadicea and probably consisting of the area extending from near the Tower on the east by the course of the Langbourne on the north, by the course of the Walbrook on the west, and the Thames on the south; the second probably the same as the mediaeval walled city. The Roman walls were destroyed by the Danes and restored by King Alfred. London assumed a certain amount of independence after the Romans left Britian, and throughont the Anglo-Saxon period it appears to have supported the monarch who was acceptable to the rest of the kingdom. Alfred was the first king who seems to have comprehended the importance of London as a military stronghold. In the years 764, 798 and 801 the city suffered from fires. Later it was sacked by the Danes, who obtained a considerable settlement in Southwark and on the western boundary of the city beyond the Ludgate. At the time William the Conqueror invaded England, London treated with this warrior and finally submitted to his rule. William then built his stronghold, the beginnings of the Tower of London. He then granted the city its ancient rights by a charter, which is still preserved. When Henry I. came to the throne. London received a new charter, and under the Plantagenets the grants increased considerably, while its municipal privileges were made the standard for governing the many municipal boroughs in the provinces.

GEORGE ADE.

A brief biography of George Ade would be appreciated by a reader.—M. J., Scio, Ohio.

George Ade, the American author, was born in Kentland, Ind., Feb. 9, 1866. In 1887 he graduated from the University of Purdue. From that time until 1890 he was engaged in newspaper work in Lafayette, Ind. He then worked on the Chicago Record until 1900. In 1908 Ade was a delegate to the national Republican convention. The same year he was made a trustee of Purdue university, and the following year grand consul of the Sigma Chi fraternity. He is the author of Artie, Pink Marsh, Doc Horne, Fables in Slang, More Fables, The Girl Proposition, People You Knew, Breaking Into Society, In Pastures New, The Slim Princess and Old Stories Done Over. His plays are as follows: The Sultan of Sulu, Peggy from Paris, The Country Chairman, The Sho-Gun, The College Widow, The Bad Samaritan, Just Out of College, Marse Covington, Mrs. Peckham's Carouse, Father and the Boys, The Fair Co-Ed and The Old Town.

HAROLD McGRATH.

Please give a short account of the life of Harold McGrath. Is he married, and where is his residence.—G. B., Kinmundy, Ill.

Harold McGrath, the author, was born in Syracuse, N. Y., September 4, 1971. He received his education in the same town. McGrath has been engaged in journalism since 1890. McGrath is married, and resides in Syracuse, N. Y. Some of the books he has written are Arms and the Woman, The Puppet Crown, The Gray Cloak, The Man on the Box, The Princess Elopes, Enchantment, Hearts and Masks, Half a Rogue, The Watteau Shepherdess, The Best Man, The Enchanted Hat, and The Lure of the Mask.

14TH AND 15TH AMENDMENTS

Please publish the fourteenth and fifteenth amendments of the United States constitution.—F. M., Newville, W. Va.

The fourteenth amendment is as follows: I. All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the state wherein they reside. No state shall make or enforce any la wwhich shall abridge the privileges or immunitites of citizens of the United States; nor shall any state deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law, nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

2. Representatives shall be apportioned among the several states according to their respective numbers, counting the whole number of persons in each state, excluding Indians not taxed. But when the right to vote at any election for the choice of electors for president and vice-president of the United States, representatives in congress, the executive and judicial officers of the state, or the members of the legislature thereof, is denied to any of the male inhabitants of such state, being twenty-one years of age, and citizens of the United States, or in any way abridged, except for participation in rebellion or other crime, the basis of representation there shall be reduced in the proportion which the number of such male citizens shall bear to the whole number of citizens twenty-one years of age in such state.

3. No person shall be a senator or representative in congress, or elector of president or vice-president, or hold any office, civil or military, under the United States, or under any state, who, having previously taken oath, as a member of congress, or as an officer of the United States, or as a member of any state legislature, or as an executive or judicial officer of any state, to support the constitution of the United States, shall have engaged in insurrection or rebellion against the same, or given aid or comfort to the enemies thereof. But congress may by a vote of two-thirds of each house, remove such disability.

4. The validity of the public debt of the United States, authorized by law, including debts incurred for payment of pensions and bounties for services in suppressing insurrections or rebellions, shall not be questioned. But state shall assume or pay any debt or obligation incurred in aid of insurrection or rebellion against the United States, or any claim for the loss or emancipation of any slave; but all such debts, obligations and claims shall be held illegal and void.

5. The congress shall have power to enforce, by appropriate legislation, the provisions of this article.

The fifteenth amendment is as follows: 1. The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States, or by any state, on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

2. The congress shall have power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation.

ROOSEVELT'S ACHIEVEMENTS.

I would like to have you print a synopsis of what Roosevelt accomplished while in office as president.—F. H., Holston, Va.

What Theodore Roosevelt accomplished as President was summarized as follows, by Munsey's: Dolliver-Hepburn railroad act. Extension of forest reserve. National irrigation act. Improvement of waterways and reservation of water power sites. Employers' liability bill. Safety appliance act. Regulation of railroad employes' hours of labor. Establishment of department of commerce and labor. Pure food and drugs act. Federal meat inspection. Navy doubled in tonnage and greatly increased in efficiency. Battleship fleet sent around the world. State militia brought into co-ordination with army. Canal zone acquired and work of excavation pushed with increased energy. Development of civil self-government in insular possessions. Second intervention in Cuba; Cuba restored to the Cubans. Finances of Santo Domingo straightened out Alaska boundary dispute settled. Reorganization of the consular service. Settlement of the coal strike of 1902.

The government upheld in Northern Securities decision.

Conviction of postoffice grafters and public land thieves.

Directed investigation of the sugar trust customs frauds, and the resultant prosecutions.

Suits begun against the Standard Oil and Tobacco companies and other corporations for violation of the Sherman anti-trust act.

Corporations forbidden to contribute to political campaign funds.

Keeping the door of China open to American commerce.

Bringing about the settlement of the Russo-Japanese war by the Treaty of Portsmouth.

Avoiding the pitfalls created by Pacific coast prejudice against Japanese immigration.

Negotiating 24 treaties of general arbitration.

Reduction of the interest-bearing debt by more than $90,000,000.

Inauguration of movement for conservation of natural resources.

Inauguration of the annual conference of governors of states.

Inauguration of movement for improvement of conditions of country life.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

Please describe the climate and soil and give the products of the Argentine Republic.—C. F., Uniontown, Wash.

The surface of Argentine Republic is a great plain, descending to the sea on the southwest coast, but limited by the Brazilian coast ranges north of the Plata, and rising westward to the feet of the Andes. This vast plain is swept by the southwest trade-winds that carry the temperature and moisture of the South Atlantic to every part of it, producing a remarkably equable climate through out its whole extent. The soil is fertile in nearly every part, yielding all the temperate zone products, and many that are subtropical, but the agricultural developments of the country is still in its infancy. Manufacturers are still more backward. The chief source of wealth is found in the flocks and herds that multiply with little care on the vast grazing farms, called estanclus. The exports of Argentine are wool, hides, tallow, animal oil, preserved meats, live stock, etc.

The Cry of the Old House

Come back!
My little lads, come back!
My little maids, with starched frocks:
My lads, my maids, come back!
The poplar trees are black
Against the keen, lone, throbbing sky;
The tang of the old box
Fills the clear dusk from wall to wall,
And the dews fall.
Come back!
I watch, I cry;
Leave the rude wharf, the mart.
Come back!
Else I shall break my heart.

Am I forgot;
My days as they were not?—
The warm, sweet, crooning tunes;
The Sunday afternoons,
Wrought but for you;
The larkspurs growing tall,
You wreathed in pink and blue,
Within your prayer books small;
The cupboards carved both in and out,
With curious, prickly vine,
And smelling far and fine;
The pictures in a row,
Of folk you did not know;
The toys, the games, the shrill, gay rout;
The lanterns, that hour for bed,
A charmed but homely red,
Went flickering from shed to shed;
The fagots crumbling, spicy, good,
Brought in from the great wood;
The dark that held you all about;
The wind that would not go?
Come back, my women, my men,
And take them all again!
* * * * *
Come back!
Come up the still, accustomed, wistful lands,
The poplar haunted lands.
You need not call,
For I shall know,
And light the candles tall,
Set wine and loaf a-row,
Come back!
Unlatch the door,
And fall upon my heart once more.
For I shall comfort you, oh lad;
Oh, daughter, I shall make you wholly glad!
The wreck, the wrong,
The unavailing throng,
The sting, the smart,
Shall be as they were not,
Forgot, forgot!
Come back,
And fall upon my heart!

—Lizette Woodworth Reese in Atlantic.

THE CARPET FROM BAGDAD.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH—COPYRIGHT 1911 THE BOBBS-MERRILL CO

Continued from First Page.

and soda, drank it, frowned at the magnum, paid the reckoning, and went back upstairs again.

"Don't remember old friends, eh?" said the shorter of the two men, caressing his incarnadined proboscis. "A smile wouldn't have hurt him any, do you think?"

"Shut up!" admonished Ryanne. "You know the orders; no recognition on the public floors."

"Why, I meant no harm," the other protested. He took a swallow of wine. "But, dash it! here I am, more'n four thousand miles from old Broadway and still walking blind. When is the show going to start?"

"Not so loud, old boy. You've got to have patience. You've had some good pickings for the past three months in the smoke-rooms. That ought to soothe you."

"Well, it doesn't. Here I come from New York, three months ago, with a wad of money for you and a great game in sight. It takes a week to find you, and when I do * * * Well, you know. No sooner are you awake than what? Off you go to Bagdad, on the wildest goose-chase a man ever heard of. And that leaves me with nothing to do and nobody to talk to. I could have cried yesterday when I got your letter saying you'd be in today."

"Well, I got it."

"The rug."

"Yes. It was wild; but after what I'd been through I needed something wild to steady my nerves; some big danger, where I'll simply have to get together."

"And you got it?" There was frank wonder and admiration in the pursy gentleman's eyes. "All alone, and you got it? Honest?"

"Honest. They nearly had my hide, thought."

"Where is it?"

"Sold."

"Who?"

"Percival."

"Horace, you're a wonder, if there ever was one. Sold it to Percival! You couldn't beat that in a thousand years. You're a great man."

"Praise from Sir Hubert."

"Who's he?"

"An authority on several matters."

"How much did he give you for it?"

"Tut, tut! It was all my own little jaunt, Wallace. I should hate to lie to you about it."

"What about the stake I gave you?"

Ryanne made a sign of dealing cards. "Threw it away on a lot of dubs after all I've taught you!"

"Cards aren't my forte."

"There's a yellow streak in your hide somewhere, Horace."

"There is, but it is the tiger's stripe, my friend. What I did with my money is my own business."

"Will she allow for that?"

"Would it matter one way or the other?"

"No, I don't suppose it would. Sometimes I think you're with us as a huge joke. You don't take the game serious enough." Wallace emptied his glass and tipped the bottle carefully. "You're out of your class, somehow."

"So?"

"Yes. You have always struck me as a man who was hunting trouble for one end."

"And that?" Ryanne seemed interested.

Wallace drew his finger across his throat. Ryanne looked him squarely in the eye and nodded affirmatively.

"I don't understand at all."

"You never will, Wallace, old chap. I am the prodigal son whose brother ate the fatted calf before I returned home. I had a letter today. She will be here tomorrow sometime. You may have to go to Port Said, if my little plan doesn't mature."

"The Ludwig?"

"Yes."

"Say, what a Frau she would have made the right man!"

Ryanne did not answer, but glowered at his glass.

"The United Romance and Adventurn Company." Wallace twirled his glass. "If you're a wonder, she's a marvel! A Napoleon in petticoats! It does make a fellow grin, when you look it all over. But this is going to be her Austerlitz or her Waterloo. And you really got that rug; and on top of that, you have sold it to George P. A. Jones! Here's——"

"Many happy returns," ironically.

They finished the bottle without further talk. There was no conviviality here. Both were fond of good wine, but the more than drank the tighter grew their lips. Men who have been in the habit of guarding dangerous secrets become taciturn in their cups.

From time to time, flittingly, there appeared against one of the windows, just above the half-curtain, a lean, dark face which, in profile, resembled the kite—the hooked beak, the watchful, preyful eyes. There were two hungers written upon that Arab face, food and revenge.

"Allah is good," he murmured.

He had but one eye in use, the other was bandaged. In fact, the face exhibited general indications of rough warfare, the skin broken on the bridge of the nose, a freshly healed cut under the seeing eye, a long strip of plaster extending from the ear to the mouth. There was nothing of the beggar in his mien. His lean throat was erect, his chin protusive, the set of his shoulders proud and defiant. Ordinarily, the few lingering guides would rudely have told him to be off about his business; but they were familiar with all turbans, and in the peculiar twist of this one, soiled and ragged though it was, they recognized some prince from the eastern deserts. Presently he strode away, but with a stiffness which they knew came from long journeys upon racing camels.

George dreamed that night of magic carpets, of sad-eyed maidens, of fierce Bedouins, of battles in the desert, of genii swelling terrifically out of squat bottles. And once he rose and turned on the fights to assure himself that the old Yhlordes was not a part of these vivid dreams.

He was up shortly after dawn, in white riding togs, for a final canter to Mena House and return. In two days more he would be leaving Egypt behind. Rather glad in one sense, rather sorry in another. Where to put the rug was a problem. He might carry it in his steamer roll; it would be handier there than in the bottom of his trunk, stored away in the ship's hold. Besides, his experience had taught him that steamer rolls were only indifferently inspected. You will observe that the luster of his high ideals was already dimming. He reasoned that in so much as he was bound to smuggle and lie, it might be well to plan something artistically. He wished now that he was going to spend Christmas in Cairo; but it was too late to change his booking without serious loss of time and money.

He had a light breakfast on the veranda of the Mena House, climbed up to the desert, bantered the donkey boys, amused himself by watching the descent of some German tourists who had climbed the big Pyramid before dawn to witness the sunrise, and threw pennies to the horde of blind beggars who instantly swarmed about him and demanded, in the name of Allah, a competence for the rest of their days. He finally escaped them by footing it down the incline to the hotel gardens, where his horse stood waiting.

It was long after nine when he slid from the saddle at the side entrance of the Semiramis. He was on his way to the bureau for his key, when an exquisitely gloved hand lightly touched his arm.

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Jones?" said a voice of vocal honey.

George did. In his confusion he dropped his pith-helmet, and in stooping to pick it up, bumped into the porter who had rushed to his aid. Remember her! Would he ever forget her? He never thought of her without dubbing h'mself an outrageous ass. He straightened, his cheeks afire; blushing was another of those uncontrollable asininities of his. It was really she, come out of a past he had hoped to be eternally irresuscitant; the droll, the witty woman, to whom in one mad moment of liberality and Galahadism he had loaned without security 150 pounds at the roulette tables in Monte Carlo; she, for whom he had always blushed when he recalled how easily she had mulcted him! And here she was, serene, lovely as ever, unchanged.

"My dear," said the stranger (George couldn't recall by what name he had known her); "my dear," to Fortune Chedsoye, who stood a little behind her, "this is the gentleman I've often told you about. You were at school at the time. I borrowed 150 pounds of him at Monte Carlo. And what do you think? When I went to pay him back the next day, he was gone, without leaving the slightest clue to his whereabouts. Isn't that droll? And to think that I should meet him here!"

That her name had slipped his memory, if indeed he had ever known it, was true; but one thing lingered incandescently in his mind, and that was, he had written her, following minutely her own specific directions and inclosing his banker's address in Paris, Naples and Cairo; and for many passings of moons he had opened his foreign mail eagerly and hopefully. But hope must have something to feed upon, and after a struggle lasting two years, she rendered up the ghost. * * * It wasn't the loss of money that hurt; it was the finding of dross metal where he supposed there was naught but gold. Perhaps his later shyness was due as much to this disillusioning incident as to his middle names.

"Isn't it droll, my dear?" the enchantress repeated; and George grew redder and redder under the beautiful, grateful eyes. "I must give him a draft this very morning."

"But . . . Why, my dear madame," stammered George. "You must not . . . I . . . !"

Fortune laughed. Somehow the quality of that laughter pierced George's confused brain as sometimes a shaft of sunlight rips into a fog, suddenly, stiletto-like. It was full of malice.

To Be Continued.

An Elusive Enemy.

When New York state forbade the sale of egret plumes the dealers in this horrible product went to Jersey. When Jersey joined New York they went to Philadelphia, where they are now carrying on a mail order business with women who think themselves beautiful by carrying on their heads a souvenir of a mother bird killed and her fledglings left to starve.

Cabole, a beautiful tree that grows on the west coast of Africa and is also found on the island of St. Thomas, is said to furnish the most costly wood in the world. It somewhat resembles teak, and takes on a very high polish. Its price is quoted as about $3,500 a cubic meter.

A Famous Oak.

Near Bluffton is a vast spreading, venerable live oak, which is locally called the "Secession Oak," from a tradition that the withdrawal of South Carolina from the union—and also, perhaps, though indirectly, the war between the sections—was determined by a conference held in its shade, some time before the meeting of the secession convention at Columbia, by the wealthy planters of the coast section, many of whom were accustomed to retreat to Bluffton in summer from their fertile, but malarial plantations. What authority may inhere in this tradition we do not know, but the notion is not incredible that the issue of secession or adherence to the union may have been practically decided at some such informal meeting; for the planters of the coast region possessed at that time a degree of influence in the affairs of the state which was disproportionate to their relative numbers in the population, though not so disproportionate, in fact, when their relative wealth, education and public spirit are allowed proper weight. The "Secession Oak" tradition is at least worthy, it would seem, of some attention at the hands of investigators. Very likely it has equal authority with traditions that have distinguished other trees which have become celebrated as historic.

The Beggar of Japan.

Directly a policeman of one station descries a begger he kicks him away, no matter whither, and another policeman of another station catches hold of the fellow and throws him out of his area, and so on, with the consequence that beggars after wandering from one ward to another and back again ultimately settle down in the regions of the least resistance, namely, the suburbs. The latest happenings prove that suburbs are fast becoming the center of mendicity and criminality. The Mainichi therefore begs the authorities "to adopt a positive instead of patchwork policy," advocating an exhaustive study of the problem.

Another plan is that the teachers of primary schools be called upon to impress upon the emotional youngsters the utter despicability of beggars, so that the younger generation may consider beggars as those deserving to be kicked out for their laziness or to be maintained by public charity, rather than as poor fellows meriting individual assistance.

What Chard Is.

Chard is the bleached leaves, leafsticks, or midribs of certain plants, as of the globe artichoke, and white beet; also a variety of white beet; Swiss chard beet; leafbeet. In cooking Swiss chard for greens the wide, white midribs are cut out, and the green leaves served alone, the ribs being cooked separately and served like asparagus, for which they are an appetizing substitute. Then, for a change, a dist of leaves and ribs together are served as greens, but this always seems a waste of good material when either is better alone. The hens greedily eat any that may be let when the table is cleared, or the cows and pigs will dispose of it, so that not a leaf need be wasted. All things considered, Swiss chard is one of the most satisfactory plants a gardener can raise.

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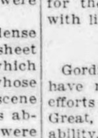

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DISCOVERS LAKE OF THE DEAD

New York Times.

London—Mr. and Mrs. P. Amaury Talbot have just returned to London from Central Africa, where they had spent two years in an anthropological, botanical and zoological survey, from the Gulf of Guinea eastward across the continent. In a statement issued to the London press Talbot declares that certain territory he and his wife traversed had never been visited by a white man before.

One of the most interesting discoveries was that of the Lake of the Dead in the Oban country.

"The name of this lake," said Mr. Talbot, "occurs in many of the tribal songs, but for a long time I could not discover the meaning of the word, and all inquiries failed to elicit information, and when I believed I was in the neighborhood of this haunted spot and altered my course my carriers begged to be allowed not to proceed and were left behind.

"After a struggle through dense bush we could see the edge of a sheet of water, along the banks of which were the holes of crocodiles, whose tracks covered the shore. The scene was a weird one; the surface was absolutely still, and round about were 10-foot high bushes, with what were apparently great tufts of creamy flowers. These, however, proved to be nests of tree frogs."

The Chestnut Acorn.

Americans are to be given a chance to cultivate an appetite for acorns. They are not common acorns, either, but a compromise between the acron and the chestnut.

This new chestnut acorn comes, as many vegetable luxuries have, from China. It was found in the Canton market several years ago by David Fairchild of the department of agriculture. The nuts were brought to this country and many failures were made before they could be cultivated. Finally a lot of seedlings were rooted and did well. They grow slowly, for the tree is a member of the oak family, but by next year there will be thousands of trees ready for distribution and a new nut industry will have been started in this country.

The nuts are brown and smooth, shaped rather like a small round mushroom. They have a large cavity for the kernel and come out whole, with little trouble in picking.

The Gordian Knot.

Gordius, King of Phrygia, is said to have made a knot which defied all efforts to untie it until Alexander the Great, indicating his character and ability, cut it with his sword. Overcoming difficulties by adopting a bold course of action despite obstacles is frequently termed "severing the Gordian knot."

Uncle Sam's Small Debts

THE reported loss of many thousands of dollars by the sinking of the Titanic a few weeks ago, calls attention to the fact that the government of the United States frequently benefits by the misfortunes of the people, says the National City Bank in its July circular. It never can be known what amount of United States money went down with the Titanic, but whatever the sum, the treasury department has just so much additional to its credit, as it can never be presented for redemption.

A week rarely or never passes that the treasury department does not receive for redemption a number of packages containing money that has been partly destroyed by fire, and in all cases where the bills can be satisfactorily identified new money is issued therefor; but frequently only a portion of the bills remains, and in that event, if three-fifths of the note can be identified the full face value is returned to the owner, but if less than three-fifths can be identified only one-half of the value is returned. These losses by fire aggregate each year a very large sum; but what has become of the millions of dollars of which there is no trace, is an unsolved problem. Treasury officials speak of the great fires that in years past have swept Chicago, Boston, San Francisco, Baltimore, and other cities, and estimate that many millions must have been lost in these great conflagrations.

Early in the civil war the United States issued over $400,000,000 of legal tender notes, which were used in payment of all government obligations, including the pay of the armies in the field. At this time there are still outstanding over $3,000,000 of these notes in the denominations of $1 and $2 alone, which are never heard from except now and then a stray bill or two is presented for redemption. It is a fair assumption that a large percentage of the whole $3,000,000 has been accidentally destroyed, and this is undoubtedly proportionately true of all of the old issues.

Soon after the war began, the government issued from time to time, an aggregate of nearly $369,000,000 in fractional paper money, and something over $15,000,000 is still carried in the treasury accounts as outstanding, although only a few hundred dollars are presented each year for redemption.

As fast as these old war-time "shin plasters" come in the treasury destroys all of them that are much mutilated and worn, but they are never paid out again other than in small amounts and in exceptional cases. The treasury now has on hand only about $246 of these small notes. In 1879 the department, recognizing the fact that comparatively few of these old fractional notes would ever be presented to the treasury, directed the segregation of a fund of something over $8,000,000 held in the treasury for the redemption of these notes, the amount to be applied to the payment of war pensions. Large sums of this issue are no doubt held by collectors as souvenirs.

Of the civil war issue of compound interest notes which amounted to

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1912.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover each week all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited and the whole paper is intended for the home of the free American people.

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Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 60 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

The Weekly Blade has over a million readers a week.

Pointing the Way

Blade advertisements are the index finger pointing the way to easy buying. There is no long road to travel to reach the man who has for sale what you wish to purchase. A letter or postal card will put you in touch with him.

One woman can start a rumor, but ten thousand can't stop it.

About nine times out of ten the worst never happens.

No young man can get very far on an ambition to avoid work.

The only place where weeds won't grow is in a seed catalogue.

Hayti wants to sell her navy. Wonder if she would throw in a good bird dog?

It is not unmanly to shed tears when there is anything to cry for. Jesus wept.

A millionaire bachelor who was afraid to get married has joined the Mexican rebels.

Farming looks easy to the city visitor who sits in the shade and watches the process.

There is a possibility that the next electoral college may adopt football as its chief sport.

They used to make the dress fit the woman; now they are making the woman fit the dress.

Household hint: One of the most useful things around a well-regulated home is a good husband.

What has become of the old-fashioned person who used to strain at a gnat and swallow a flea?

When a man appeals to high heaven for help he should feel pretty confident of the justice of his cause.

God made the cherry to keep His children from grieving over the departure of the strawberry.

Why bother with the question, "Should women propose?" Tell them that they must not and they will.

We can't help liking Uncle Joe Cannon a little better since he sang "Beulah Land" with a tremor in his voice.

Colonel Bryan ought to know a great deal about politics. He has had enough defeats to give him a liberal education.

A year or two will bring about many improvements in the fly swatter. Inventive genius ever rises to the occasion.

The dust of the Alaska volcanoes is said to be good fertilizer. What a rich country this could be if bursting political booms could produce a fertilizing dust.

The Illinois man who works as a fireman at night and a ditcher by day has no time left for gymnasium exercises.

"To have a pain," says Elbert Hubbard, "is proof that you are alive." But that's no excuse for giving your friends a pain.

Critics of the army say that it is unfit for war. And yet foreign nations will probably count a hundred before they attack us.

Mr. Wilson has been photographed in many poses since his nomination, but what we would like to see is a picture of Mr. Taft in a porch swing.

The candidate for minor office this year will need a lot of practice to say things appropriate to the occasion without putting his foot in his mouth.

"An authority claims that the country needs more goats." He may be right. We have no idea what the per capita circulation of goats ought to be.

An Arkansas man died from drinking carbolic acid, which he mistook for whisky. That is one more way for a whisky drinker to avoid a lingering death.

Winifred Black, one of the women writers, syndicates the notion that the world is full of love. O, happy woman! She has made a greater discovery than either Peary or Amundsen.

There are countless thousands of patriotic men in the country who never as much as dream of making connections with a fat political job. These are the fellows who do their own political thinking.

Some prosaic person is now saying that the old Liberty Bell is a myth, that it did not proclaim liberty throughout all the land on July 4, 1776. But why disillusion us? Nothing can be accomplished by spoiling a poem that thrills; we gain nothing by learning that the old bell is not what it is cracked up to be.

CAPITALIZED SECTIONALISM

Governor Cole L. Blease of South Carolina represents what has come to be known as the "professional southerner" distinguished from the southerner who does not capitalize the accident of birth.

The professionalism of Governor Blease was first brought to country-wide attention by the row he raised against the school histories because they did not charge General Sherman with maliciously setting fire to the city of Columbia while on his march to the sea. Later on, he addressed a community, in which a negro had been lynched, with the statement that rather than use the power of his office in deterring white men from "punishing that negro brute," he would have resigned the office, and gone to the scene "to lead the mob." Making the most of the southern reputation for fire-eating, the governor now threatens to kill any man who repeats in his presence the charges that he has trafficked in pardons and taken rake-offs from "blind tigers."

The southerner has taken excessive pride in his sectionalism. It has been a pride that justified itself in courtliness, hospitality and superiority to money-grubbing. But nothing con be said in praise of the pride of the professional southerner. It is several shades below contempt.

LONG LIFE FOR OLYMPIC GAMES

The American victories in the Olympic games at Stockholm are pleasanter to contemplate than achievements in other years because the Swedish directors managed to keep the present meet untainted of bad sportsmanship. There were no exhibitions of unfairness such as marred the games at Athens. There was no such bald disregard of clean sport as the promoters at London practiced. The Americans found the organiaztion beyond criticism, their treatment honorable. After the London games, students of athletics made the declaration that the revival of the Olympic was booked for a short and unworthy career. The death of the institution has been postponed indefinitely by the wisdom and fine sense of justice of the Swedish directors.

FAKE PLATFORM PLEDGES.

The platform on which the Democrats rest their claim for the endorsement of the voters calls, among other things, for an adequate navy and the establishment of a working parcels post.

The Democrats of the house and senate have it now in their power to carry out these two pledges in advance of election day, thus showing to the country that they accept the platform as a tablet of commandments.

But the Democrats are taking quite another course. Their caucus has registered opposition to all proposals to construct any new battleships. The senate has provided for two Dreadnaughts, the house for none. And the Democrats of the house have let it be known that they will not recede an inch, even to make a campaign pledge look respectable. There is now before the senate a bill that calls for a comprehensive parcels post. It appears certain of passage there. But in the house the Democrats are in favor of a parcels post that will be confined to rural mail routes. They will stand by a committee report which recommends the institution of a parcels post quite limited in scope and service.

The contrast between party advertisement and party fulfillment is an old story. Platforms are made for show, for bait, and only an occasional party worker feels in duty bound to stand by his sign-board after it has served his end on election day. The leaders of the new party, now in course of formation, could do no better for themselves than by taking solemn oath that everything in their power will be done to carry out pledges made and proclaimed. It would mark a distinct advance in the cause of honesty in politics.

MARTYRDOM OUT OF FASHION.

Discretion hath her victories no less than war. And in this civil war of parties, this dust and tempest of factional secessions, many a valiant soldier whose courage was wont to mount star-high with occasion now fairly oozes discretion.

The standing line of the newspaper headline writers is "declines to run." Which, in other words, means declines to suffer political martyrdom, declines to undergo the major and minor operation of political ambition, declines to mock the air "with colors idly spread" and at the close of the season take seat with sorrow. Some of our most famous patriots are so well equipped with recreant limbs this summer that they look like nothing else than centipedes.

"The better part of valor is discretion." So the valorous perceive it.

THE LORIMER STANDARD.

The men who stood by Lorimer in the senate gave him their sympathy not alone because he represented the same interests they did, but also because he operated in politics in ways familiar to them and as they thought the game should be played.

We have to remember that scarcely one in a hundred politicians gains office by means of rare gifts of intellect or strong and winning personality or because of grateful recognition for services performed. These may once have been the avenues to victory, but many years ago the avenues were surrendered to the weeds and the weather. The path to preferment for nearly all politicians starts in ward, township and county politics, where practicability rather than patriotism governs. The expedients of stuffing ballot boxes, colonizing and buying voters come to arouse indignation only if practiced by the opposition. They get to looking at morality as having even less place in politics than in war. Their political outlook is cynical, where it is not depraved. The virus is in their bones.

The politics of Lorimer was practical to the last degree. Even a picturesque sort of hypocricy did not relieve its sordidness. So it was that the "blond boss" was understood by and commanded the friendliness of men of a rival party as well as his own. He was of their blood and training. The suggestion of throwing him out of the senate after he had been issued his certificate of election was absurd to them and bordered upon the outrageous.

THE SAVING GRACE.

On or about the first of next month a delegation of gentlemen in newly pressed clothes and clean collars and shaves will wait upon the President and furnish him with the information that a convention which met in Chicago has invited him to lead the Republican procession again whither the procession chooses to proceed.

The President will receive the information with the gravity of one who is not unused to receiving important news. He will express his gratitude for the honor the convention, all unpersuaded, has thrust upon him. He will make remarks at length of the public works upon which he has been engaged. The delegation will listen attentively, refraining from shuffling feet and snapping the covers of watches. There will be congratulations, good wishes, expressions of confidence in victory at the polls.

Then the delegation will put on hat and walk away. At the gate they will turn to one another and wink. For even a dyed-in-the-wool, hide-bound, and shellback reactionary has a sense of humor.

PUTTING PATENTS TO SLEEP.

The principle underlying the patent laws is two-fold. The inventor is to be rewarded for his ingenuity. Mankind is to receive the benefit of invention.

It is a notorious fact that comparatively few inventors reap anywhere near a just proportion of the fruits of their mind and hand. In one regard, the patent laws act absolutely as a bar to benefits for mankind. We refer to the privilege exercised by great corporations of buying up improvements upon the machinery they use, or upon the wares they manufacture, and then pigeon-holing them.

It is charged that this is a fixed policy with the shoe machinery trust. It enjoys not alone the monopoly granted under original patents, but is enabled also to shut off development which theoretically is encouraged by the principle supposed to underly the patent laws. Certain railroads and interurban lines have telephone dispatching services which make the telephone in ordinary use seem like the crude toy of a child's handicraft. Yet because the installation of the improvements would cost vast sums, the telephone companies deny the general public that which a few private corporations have been so fortunate as to obtain.

Rancor against the American patent system is rapidly growing more heated. It would seem as if for their own protection purchasers of patents would avoid any semblance of hoggishness, the thing that the policy of many of them is most like.

SPECIAL NOTICE

To Subscribers Whose Time Expires in August

We have just mailed to all of our subscribers whose time expires during the month of August our special propositions for renewals and the raising of clubs. You will find the offers we make are exceedingly liberal and we are absolutely certain that you will not only renew promptly, but that you will send us a club of at least 10 or 20 names, made up of your neighbors and friends, and by so doing get your paper one year free, also one of our beautiful and useful premiums which we give for performing a few hours' pleasant work for us.

We particularly wish to call to your attention our new special proposition number 4. If you sent us a club of 10 or even 4 names last year, we are sure that with little effort you will find it very easy to make your club 20 names this year and thereby take advantage of the exceptional offer we make.

We received more renewals and more large clubs during July than ever before. This is gratifying to us and proves conclusively that The Weekly Blade is not only gaining new friends daily, but that our old subscribers appreciate our efforts in an endeavor to publish a family newspaper that is always a welcome guest in their homes.

Over 240,000 families throughout the United States are readers of the Weekly Blade, (estimating over 1,000,000 readers weekly)—surely a Great National Family.

THE CURSE OF LORIMERISM WEAKENED.

Lorimerism has not perished with Lorimer. Its tough and sapping rootlets are driven too deep into our political life to die and shrivel because one of its parasitic parts has been torn away.

Lorimer remains embodied in the Gallinger tyranny over New Hampshire, the Penrose machine of Pennsylvania, the Tammany oligarchy of New York. It is represented by the Bailey heritage in Texas, the Guggenheim grip upon Colorado, the Aldrich possession of Rhode Island, the Mormon ownership of Utah, the curse of Bradley over Kentucky. It lingers in the Dick-Cox poison of Ohio. So long as the purchased legislators remain out of jail, it will continue to pollute the political waters of Illinois.

Yet more than a beginning has been made in rooting out this ulcer of Lorimerism. The fear of the Lord has been injected into members of the United States senate who for a generation have nullified their solemn oaths by performing the bidding of Special Privilege. Members of the United States house of representatives have hastened like souls affrighted of the tempest to register their kind of Lorimerism of which Judge Archbald is a type. The victors have already entered the pass that opens out upon the wild and drear moor of obscurity.

Decency and patriotism will conquer the forces armored and provisioned by Special Privilege. The battles have, some of them, been lost. The leaders have, some of them, been slain. But the war goes on and each year shall behold it fought more tenaciously, more perseveringly. Lorimerism still remains, yet remains with loosening rootlets, with its power to sap and to steal appreciably weakened.

PATERNALISM IN DIFFICULTIES.

Among other benefits which the Lloyd-George insurance act will confer upon British workmen are:

Medical treatment in time of sickness or accident.
A special allowance for their wives in time of confinement.
An income during periods of illness.
The elimination of the conditions of pauperism.
Means and encouragement for starting savings accounts.
A general recognition of unionism on the part of government and employes.

Yet the British wage-earners are not all agreed upon the blessings conferred by this measure, the most paternal ever adopted by any government. Many have fought it while it was under discussion in parliament and, in at least one instance, a trade has gone on strike against its application.

The idea prevails that it is only among the rich and powerful that the doctrine of individualism has any standing left. But here we have concrete instances that many poor and humble men look with distaste upon being comforted and coddled by the state.

DODGING AROUND A TREATY

The Hay-Pauncefote treaty lays it down in simple and direct language that there shall be no discrimination between vessels that shall pass through the Panama canal.

Discrimination, according to rules which are favored in the house and senate at Washington, applies only to the character and nationality of the vessels. Discrimination, in the eyes of Great Britain and the average American unlearned in hair-splitting, applies to the charges that shall be collected.

In the case, congress has chosen to wriggle around the treaty in order to grant American vessels advantages that owners of the vessels have a clear right to expect. It would be far more decent, far more honorable, if the United States were to pronounce the Hay-Pauncefote treaty a mistake of statesmen carried away by eagerness to get the dirt flying on the big ditch.

They say in Washington that we should not be bound by the treaty.

We ought to be bound so far as not to play the sneak over any agreement, whether written blindly or with minds fully aware of the possibilities for trouble.

ABOUT WONDERS.

The seven wonders of the modern world, according to a poll taken of 1,000 scientists by Popular Mechanics, are wireless telegraphy, the telephone, the aeroplane, radium, antiseptics, spectrum analysis and the X-ray.

This is twenty centuries after the Greeks had agreed upon a list of seven wonders. Twenty centuries hence the list may run something like this: Universal peace, universal justice, the end of man's exploitation of man, the end of crime, the conquest of all infectious diseases, the abolishment of poverty and the establishment of true equality and brotherhood.

CANCELLED ORISONS.

The quality of their pride and love for the constitution, that instrument is discoverable now in the frantic appeals of the highbinder reactionaries to the candidates for presidential elector to abide by custom and let the constitution go hang.

Electors in Pennsylvania have announced their decision to follow their constitutional rights and vote for whomever their prefer. At least two of these candidates have done so in Ohio. In Kansas and Missouri, the anti-administration forces declare their purpose to use the advantage and in South Dakota the candidates for presidential elector have been instructed to vote, if elected, not for the one whose name heads the ticket, but for another.

When the electoral college meets, the electors will probably stick by tradition. But in the meantime, the candidates are fully entitled to the revenge of seeing the reactionaries call in and cancel their orisons and burnt offerings before the shrine of the constitution.

POLITICS AT UNCLE SAM'S EXPENSE.

Of the many futile activities of members of congress, the most worthless and vain is the padding of the Congressional Record with speech, manuscript and quotation from tome and tomb in the interest of political aspirants.

In the Taft-Roosevelt pre-convention campaign the Record was stuffed shamefully with attacks upon the former President and with slush in praise of the administration. Anyone who had written or spoken in condemnation of Roosevelt had a show for publicity at public expense. Probably the only matter left out was the accounts of straw votes, the letters of those who voted for Fremont and the charts of the clairvoyants. Yet there isn't a record that any of this government subsidized press matter lost the ex-President a supporter, or won the President an admirer.

The fattening of the Record, however, did not discontinue with the meeting and adjournment of the conventions. It is still going on. Representative Hill, of Connecticut, a Taft liegeman, has succeeded in getting Wilson's free trade views, as expressed in 1882, into the government printing office. In a controversy with a colleague upon the floor of the house, he has recited Wilson's position toward labor unions and his attitude on the subject of immigration, all to go into the Record with the trust that it will bear the fruit of anti-Wilson votes.

Aside from the fact that the Congressional Record is the least read periodical on the North American continent, the printing and distribution of partisan literature at Uncle Sam's charges are but weak and puerile strategists. The practice ought to be suppressed, both because it is labor lost and because it represents a crude and contemptible form of graft.

THE SAME OLD PROTEST.

The cry of the express companies that they will be ruined if the new rates are enforced has an amusingly familiar sound.

When the government ordered the railroad companies to adopt standard safety couplers, the railroad companies shouted "ruin."

When the government sent out word that the rebate laws must be obeyed, there were carriers and shippers who could figure out nothing less than ruin if they did obey.

When the government imposed a corporation tax, corporations first called their attorneys in to learn if the thing could be dodged and then issued statements to the effect that the imposition of the tax meant ruin.

There is no railroad that would use the old-fashioned finger-mangling, man-killing coupler if it could. The rebate laws save the railroads millions of dollars every year besides an incalculable amount of time that once was spent in dickering with rebates and avoiding trouble with the Interstate Commerce Commission. The complaints against the corporation tax have died to a whisper.

The protest of the express companies will probably go through a course of yelping, submission and then thankfulness for the new and profitable business the government has forced the companies to accept.

MAKING WAY.

The women suffragists may mark up another point to their cause. When the Kentucky Bar Association met a few days ago it tabled the resolution:

"Resolved, That the Kentucky State Bar Association favors the extension of the right of suffrage to women at all elections."

A short five years ago, the bar of Kentucky would have hurled that resolution into the bottomless pit of the Mammoth Cave and filled the pit up with its scorn.

SHOWING THE VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

Governor Dix, of New York, has laid down a very fair definition of the term progressive:

A progressive is one who, with consistency and fairness, achieves reforms for the benefit of his fellow men. Industrially among other things, progressiveness consists in furnishing greater opportunity for skill, and making conditions for the safety, advancement and contentment of the individual. Politically, true progressiveness is not a mere promise, but is the real performance of pledges made to secure needed reforms, resulting in wise laws designed to meet new conditions, but leaving the fundamental principle of representative government unchanged.

No fault is to be found with the definition. The governor knows exactly what it means. That is probably why he—and all of his type of statesmanship—have been so successful in going around all things progressive.

Aunt Hetty Green, 76, was baptized the other day. Some women, at her age, would have been afraid of catching cold.

The Bible is the most wonderful book ever written. You can open it anywhere and find something interesting.

A Socialist in Switzerland has fallen heir to $1,500,000. Enough to make him change his politics.

Two constitutes a quorum at a gossip club meeting.

SEND FOR THE BLADE'S SPECIAL CAMPAIGN TERMS

You should interest your neighbors in the Blade's special campaign offer. It will be to your advantage to write for terms at once.

Address: The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Sunday School

THOSE HYPOCRITES

International Sunday School Lesson for July 28 Is, "The Wheat and the Tares." Matt. 13:24-30; 36-43.

By William T. Ellis.

One of the stalest of stock arguments against religion is that of the presence of hypocrites in the church. The commonest excuse of the man who does not want to give to Christian causes or to identify himself with the friends of Christ is, "there are so many hypocrites in the church." Each man utters that truism as if he were the first to discover it. The contention has no novelty. It is not a condition newly made in our own time. Of course there are hypocrites in the church, and there have been ever since the church existed, and probably will be until the church visible becomes the church triumphant.

That argument is so old and widespread that Jesus once told a story dealing with it. This parable of the wheat and the tares which the Sunday schools are studying is designed to point the moral of how to deal with imitations. The point of it all is that while there are hypocrites in the church, they do not spring from the life of the church; they are an alien planting. Their existence is, after all, only a fact about themselves and their duplicity, and not a fact about the genuine Christians. How to deal with the whole subject of hypocrites is set forth succinctly by the Master teacher.

The Weedy Wheat.

Yesterday I travelled through many miles of golden grain ready for the reaper. One large field showed, plentifully sprinkled through the grain, heads of flowering weeds. The wayfaring man could not possibly mistake those for wheat. The weeds were clearly rank intruders, and nobody would ever dream that they would reach the garner. True, the weeds would annoy the farmer, and they had used up room and soil and vitality that properly belonged to good wheat, but after all they were only weeds and bound for the liscard.

That wise farmer had not agitated himself about the weeds in his field. He had attended strictly to the business of growing wheat, knowing that the harvest would prove all. He did not interfere with the growth of the tender plants in an effort to discover the possible presence of weeds. He cultivated the true grain and let the weeds wait for the final day of division, when they would go to waste and the wheat would go to the barn.

The End Tests All.

Commonly folk become rather excited when discussing the subject of hypocrites. There is really no need for this. The better way is to keep things in perspective and to see the situation in its proportions. To hear some persons talk, one would think that the church is made up of hypocrites. Today's newspaper told of a college president who was found dead in a house of disrepute. Shall we say, therefore, that all college presidents are leading double lives? No sensible person would be so illogical as that, yet the brazen assumption of many critics of the church is that because there are some hypocrites in the church this is prima facie evidence that the church is wholly made up of hypocrites. It doesn't take a Philadelphia lawyer to see the absurd fallacy of such an argument.

It helps one to keep cool in considering this matter to read carefully the parable of the wheat and the tares. Jesus gave it for the guidance of His friends. Doubtless he foresaw that zealous defenders of the church, like the servants of the husbandman in the story, would want to dismantle the harvest field in order to get rid of possible tares. The Jesus way is better. He counsels that the incipient harvest should neither be trampled down nor burned up, for the good grain would even suffer more than the tares. He laid down the proposition eternally true that the end tests all. Professor Thompson, author of The Land of the Book, that best treatise on the customs of Palestine, says: "The Palestinian farmer, as the time for the heading out of the wheat approaches, watches anxiously to see whether a disguised enemy has not been all along growing in the midst of the wheat, unperceived on account of a close resemblance to it while in the blade. By the fruit he soon recognizes whether this be so or not. There can be no mistake then. As I heard it remarked in that country, 'the ears which God has blessed bow their heads, but these accursed tares stick theirs above the whole field.' For the tare then carriers a tall light head of small dark grains which in every respect contrast with the weighty golden ear of the good seed."

The Time to Be Patient.

Something of the patience of God, who has watched over His church for these centuries content to await the sifting of the harvest, should be the heritage of all His friends. In dealing with moral questions, it is always well to make haste slowly. Perhaps the men who may at first seem hypocrites to our imperfect knowledge are after all really saints, although weak. There is all the difference in the world between the conscious hypocrite and the feeble disciple, just as there is every possible difference between the tares and the ill nourished wheat. We need to learn to be patient with one another as well as with the evil. "There is so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us."

The principal point of the parable is that the tares did not come into the field of themselves, and they were not planted by the husbandman. An enemy sowed them. They are not an essential part of the harvest field. The church does not produce hypocrites of herself. Because the natural fruit of the church is holiness, evil men sometimes seek to secure the temporal advantages of righteousness by standing in the place of the holy and wearing the outward semblance of the same.

It is needful to remember that there are enemies of good in the world. Never was there more need for those who would be disciples of truth to "try the spirits" than at the present time. In our changing social order there are ideas and methods being launched that may seem good, but which are really tares in the wheatfield of life.

There are hypocrites in the church on earth, but there are no hypocrites in the church triumphant, and that is the wise suggestion of the parable. In the end all the good wheat goes to the garner, and all the tares are destroyed. Pretense never prospers permanently. The hypocrite may mislead men for even a long life—although that is rare—but he cannot deceive God. The lord of the harvest knows his wheat from the tares.

PEACE MADE THE QUAKER FACE

Henry Seidel Canby in the Century Magazine.

WHAT made the Quaker face? Not a broad brimmed hat or a gray bonnet, as the flippant assert. Costume will not make it, as you may prove for yourself at the next masquerade. In part, it was the mysticism, the reserve and the self-reliance of the Quaker mind. These things were the very essence of the society, and they led to a subconscious command to be silent, to be calm, to hide the emotions of the too often rebellious heart, which in turn helped to mold the faces one sees in the portraits and among the Friends still left who belong to the old rule.

It used to be said in our Quaker town that one could tell by their manners the children who had been sent to the Friends' school, because once a week in meeting they had to sit for an hour in perfect quiet. Think of a family, of a community, where the heart was put under discipline for life!

But this is not all, for I have left out the causes which were chiefly responsible for the most charming element of the features of the old Friends—an enduring peace. There have been unpeaceful Quakers and unpeaceful Quakeresses. More than one member of our meeting, so I am told, stamped out of First Day service and slammed the door behind them when the unorthodox Hicksites began their preaching. I have heard that one of our ancestresses was a scold, and there was Cousin Amelia, who used to shake her finger at an obstinate driver when he refused to uncheck his horse, and say: "Just wait till thee gets to the next world. Then thee'll see what will happen!"

As I have remarked, the Quaker project was not always successful. But for once popular opinion is quite right—the Quaker face, particularly the Quaker woman's face, was transfused with peace. Is it not natural? Where could be found "the world's sweet inn from pain and wearisome turmoil," if not in the older communities of Friends—communities in which prudence and self-control kept away poverty; where not only war, but strife also, and civil and domestic discord, were banned so explicitly that it was forbidden to decide by majorities at meeting; where rivalry in dress and in station were restrained as far as fallible human nature would permit. How could peace fail to be resident in a society which believed that God was not in his heaven, but among us, and that as long as one lived without affectation, did the daily task, kept the heart tender and the body pure, all was right with the world?

Varieties

At one time Easter marked dawn of a new year.

France used up, during 1911, than 46 billions of matches.

About 8,000,000 men are emp in regular occupation in Great Br

The burning quality of coal known a long time before it was as fuel.

Astronomical observations in C were carried on as far back 2353 B. C.

Russia supplies Great Britain the greater proportion of her po and eggs.

New Zealanders consume more seven pounds of tobacco per c per year.

It is said that each year 3,000 eign waiters find employment in land.

To supply the needs of Can mixed races the Bible is printed languages.

Christian nations of the world ber 472,000,000 people and the Christian 948,000,000.

Shipping casualties of all na alities last year totaled 108 ve with a tonnage of 114,231.

In the five months from Ma October, 1911, the French arm Morocco lost 18 per cent of its fo

Considerable more than 20 separate species of insects are k and classified.

Over 100,000 pedestrians and vehicles pass over London brid one day.

In one month the yield of go southern Rhodesia exceeded ounces, valued at $1,000,000.

Forty years ago Germany w purely agricultural country, bu day it ranks second as an indus country.

A regular aeroplane mail s has been established in Germany tween the cities of Cologne, D dorf and Neuss.

Women, says de Maulde la Cla are not so frail as people are pl to say. They are frail only when wish to be.

Japan's theatres are ordered give expression of the ideals of people, and give up blood-and-t der reproductions.

A motor operated capstan a spring buffer coupling for tra feature an army automobile t recently built in Paris.

The completion, this year, of Smyrna-Cassaba railway will ma possible to travel from Constanti to Smyrna in 12 hours.

On an average Great Britain y 30 bushels of wheat the acre; South Wales, 15; the United St 12, and Russia, eight.

Fitting his machine with a six-h power motor and an aeroplane pro ler, a French motorcyclist has speeds up to 50 miles an hour.

To promote the mutual interest wireless telegraph operators and employers an international operat union has been organized.

One of the first official acts of new Chinese government was to an order for the resumption of ed tional work on a modern and unif basis.

By the construction of a numbe short cuts in Siberia, the time Berlin to Peking will within a or so be reduced from 13 1-2 to nine days.

Italian shipbuilders have constr ed a floating drydock in which marine boats can be subjected to ternal pressure tests without the cessity of sinking them into water.

A project is under consideration constructing a trans-Cuban canal shortening the distance between lantic ports of the United States Panama. It could be built for 000,000.

An attempt made in Maine on Fourth of July to celebrate it by m ing a rooster drunk, by feeding bread soaked in whisky, failed ut ly. He was evidently used to hibition ways.

January derives its name from Roman god Janus, who was re sented with two faces; one was face of an old man, typifying the year; the other that of a youth reference to the new year.

Efforts made in European count to introduce American improvem in the railway service are handicap by lack of appreciation, the pu preferring what it is used to, though it be less convenient.

Immense quantities of sulphur mined in Louisiana by pumping, the result is that Sicily exports little sulphur to this country, though seven or eight years ag sent more than 1,000,000 tons annum.

Between 1910 and 1911 the pro tion of phosphate rock increased f 1,483,723 long tons, valued at $5,1 403 to 3,053,279 long tons, valued $11,900,693. There was an incre in production in 1911 over 1 of nearly 400,000 tons.

A German educator has been m ing a statistical study of the rela between heredity and school ma and from 354 cases in which he able to get full school reco through three generations, he cludes that the connection is close.

Bicyclists in England have lost tience over the dogs that attack th They are making a blacklist of animals which do this habitu The owners of the dogs are notifi and if the nuisance is not ab these owners are legally held to damages.

By a decree recently issued by Argenitne government four ho or feast days, are eliminated from Argentine calendar. They are Fe March 25, and the celebration Corpus Chirsti (which this year on June 6), June 24 and Septem 8.

New York City has 25,938 indust establishments, or nearly 10 per of the country's total and more t the next four largest manufactu cities combined. Next four c which total 23,850, are Chicago, P adelphia, St. Louis and Cleve Value of New York's products is 029,693,000, compared with $2,627,7 for the four cities.

Lhasa, which is the capital of T for generations was known as the bidden City, because of its polit and religious exclusiveness. In 19 British armed expedition opened mysterious old city. Previous to time practically every European t eler had been stopped in his efforts reach the place. The population Lhasa is about 35,000.

Unanimity of Two Kansas Townships

Garden City Telegram.

The recent discovery that a township in Ness county went solid prohibition reminds old timers out this way of the time when Dudley township in Haskell county went solid for the Gold Democratic ticket on which were Palmer and Buckner in 1896.

There were four voters in the county, and after the election was over one of them wrote General Buckner in Kentucky of the result.

It was the only township in the county carried unanimously by these candidates and General Buckner sent the four Gold Democrats of Dudley township a jug of fine Kentucky whisky, but it never got further than the leader in whose care it was sent.

The township above mentioned as going prohibition is the only one in the United States which the Prohibitionists carried for President, and this township was carried for both President and governor by the Prohibitionists. The township had a population of 400.

The queerest thing about the whole thing is that the township is settled almost entirely by Germans.

Consular Fees.

Consular Reports.

The attention of the department of state has been called by consular officers to the fact that they are frequently in receipt of requests from legal firms in the United States to take depositions for them, but the necessary amount to pay for fees, services, etc., is sometimes not included with the instructions. Unless these expenses are guaranteed by the party from whom the deposition is taken it has been the practice of consular officers to inform the inquirers and ask for a remittance before proceeding in the matter. Since this necessarily involves considerable outlay, it seems desirable that the attention of the public be called to the following list of the official fees in this connection, namely: For taking depositions, executing commissions or letters rogatory, where the record of testimony, including caption and certificate, does not exceed 500 words, $10; for each additional 100 words or fraction thereof, 50 cents.

The Sort of Art He Sought.

Kansas City Journal.

One day last week when Van Willet was engaged in restoring the alabaster fairness of the great cast of Venus de Milo in the lobby of the board of education rooms, a small soulful urchin stood gazing in apparent rapture at the armless paragon of plaster and curves in the process of recovering her pristine beauty. Several people noticed this young devotee of the fine arts as he divided his attention between the statue and other examples of marble and fresco work. Finally Prof. Greenwood's attention was called to the lad and evidently having remembered seeing him upon the occasion of his numerous visits to the schools, the youngster transferred his attention to the superintendent. Prof. Greenwood approached him and said kindly, "Enjoying yourself, my boy?"

"Yes, sir," was the timid answer with an uncertain note.

"Perhaps there is some certain piece of art you wanted to see, is there?" the professor asked.

"Yes, sir," answers the boy shyly. "Would you please tell me where you keep the stuffed animals?"

"It was a shame to shatter that dream of such advanced artistic instinct," laughed Prof. Greenwood later, "but he was a real boy, all right, which is better still."

ROOSEVELT TALKS OF THIRD PARTY

Says It Will Have a Platform Which Is to Be a Contract.

Oyster Bay, July 19.—The platform of the National Progressive party is to be a 'contract with the people," Col. Roosevelt said today. Just as a business man signs a contract for the fulfillment of certain obligations, he explained, the new party would sign a contract to undertake certain well defined measures provided the opportunity is accorded it.

Col. Roosevelt has given his approval to the name National Progressive for the party by using it repeatedly, and it is assumed that this is to be the title which will be adopted at the christening in Chicago next month, although final determination will be left to the convention..

As the prospective nominee of the party, Col. Roosevelt is drafting a platform embodying his ideas, which he will offer to the convention. He indicated that he would use his influence to avoid the twin perils of ultra-radicalism and vaguely concealed conservatism and that he hoped the platform would be both practical and genuinely progressive.

A Practical Program.

The National Progressive Party, he said, would go before the people pledged to definite reformative measures of such a nature that it would have a practical program which obviously could be carried out.

The ex-president's personal platform probably will be presented to the Chicago convention on August 5 the day it assembles. He said he hopes to arrange a meeting of the delegates for that night to make a speech which will be his "confession of faith." In this speech Col. Roosevelt will seek first to interpret the spirit in which the work of the new party should be undertaken and will then proceed to a detailed recital of the steps which he believes should be adopted.

In explaining his decision of last night to abandon the trip to Kansas, Iowa and Michigan, Col. Roosevelt said that a multitude of things was constantly coming up in connection with formation of the party and that although he had hoped to be able to complete arrangements early enough to make the trip, he had found that he could not do so.

A published report from Washington that Senator Dixon, the Colonel's campaign manager, was at heart opposed to the formation of a new party and would seize the first opportunity to take a back seat in the campaign, amused the colonel greatly. He said that it was the exact reverse of the truth and that the senator just now is hard at work with the organization of the party in Georgia.

CORPORATIONS GAVE NO AID TO ROOSEVELT CAMPAIGN

Washington, July 22.—Former Senator Nathan B. Scott, of West Virginia, today told the senate committee investigating campaign funds of 1904 and 1908 that no contributions were made to Col. Roosevelt's campaign by corporations, by Henry Havemeyer, the sugar king, or any representatives of the International Harvester Co., so far as he could recall.

Mr. Scott testified that the largest contribution of which he had knowledge, made to the national committee in that campaign, was his own, amounting to $30,000 to $40,000. George W. Perkins, he said, had given $15,000, but not to the national committee. Both contributions were used in the West Virginia state campaign.

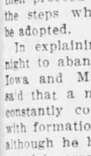
"In October, 1904," Mr. Scott said, "Mr Perkins asked me the situation in West Virginia and I told him we had a very hard fight on for governor and that it was doubtful whether we could elect William O. Dawson. Mr. Perkins said, as a friend of President Roosevelt, he would be very sorry to see the state go Democratic and made the contribution."

Mr. Scott said none of the "harvester people" had contributed to the 1904 campaign.

FOREST SERVICE INQUIRY

Washington, July 19.—An investigation of expenditures in the Forest service by a special senate committee is asked in a resolution today in Senator Overman. The committee would sit during the recess of congress.

USE ABSORBINE, JR. LINIMENT FOR ITS



Corns, Bunions, Callous Bunches, Tired, Aching, Swollen Feet. It allays pain and takes out soreness and inflammation promptly. Healing and soothing—causes a better circulation of the blood through the part, assisting nature in building new, healthy tissue and eliminating the old. Alex Ahl, Tobinsport, Ind., writes Nov. 15, 1905: "I o doubt you remember my getting two bottles of your ABSORBINE, JR., for a bunion on my foot. My foot is well." Also valuable for any swelling or painful affliction, Goitre, Enlarged Glands, Varicose Veins, Milk Leg, Strains, Sprains, Brain Cuts, Bruises, Lacerations. Price $1.00 and $2.00 at all druggists or delivered. Book 4 G Free. W.F.YOUNG, P.D.F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

ECZEMA

Also Called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember, I make this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and handling in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not care what all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY, I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Dr. J. E. Cannaday.
519 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo.

Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

MRS. M. SUMMERS'
ABSORBENT PILE REMEDY
QUICKLY RELIEVES PAIN

heals and restores the congested tissues to a natural condition.
Price $1.00—24 treatments.
Better pay $1.60 for the best treatment, pharmaceutically and therapeutically, and gain the results desired, than any number of 50c packages of inferior preparations.
The best goods of any kind cost more in the beginning but are far cheaper in the end.
This is no C. O. D. scheme.

FREE TRIAL COUPON.
VANDERHOOF & CO.,
Dept. P8, South Bend, Ind.:
Send me a free trial package of Mrs. Summers' Absorbent Pile Remedy, also references, by mail, in plain wrapper.
Name.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

Question His Right to Name Senator.

Chicago, July 18.—Governor Charles S. Deneen's authority to name a successor to William Lorimer as United States senator is in doubt, and he is seeking advice on the point. It has been anticipated that Deneen would resign as governor and be succeeded by the lieutenant governor, who would promptly name Deneen as senator.

Now, however, this program is interrupted by the question raised as to the governor's authority. The contention is that the senate's action, declaring Lorimer's election "invalid" means that the Illinois legislature had failed to elect a senator. Therefore the seat was never legally filled.

In that event the vacancy cannot be filled by executive appointment.

AIDED TAFT IN 1908

Hitchcock Tells Who Contributed and How Much.

Washington, July 17.—Postmaster General Frank H. Hitchcock today told the senate committee investigating campaign contributions of 1904 and 1908, that the records of the fund used in President Taft's election as filed in Albany, N. Y., were absolutely correct and that he could not supplement these reports by testimony.

Mr. Hitchcock said the total collected through various agencies of the committee in 1908 was $1,655,518.27.

No contribution was received from a corporation, Mr. Hitchcock said, because congress had just passed a law prohibiting it. He told of the only near contribution he could remember having rejected.

It was offered by General T. Coleman Dupont, of Delaware, then a member of the Republican executive committee, actively assisting in the management of the campaign, and amounted to $20,000. "He turned it over to the treasurer, George R. Sheldon," began Mr. Hitchcock. "When I learned of it I sent for Mr. Dupont and told him that I did not think we could accept it because the government had a civil suit against a corporation in which he was interested. I instructed the treasurer to return it and he did so."

MICHIGAN LANDS LEASED

Mysterious Canadian Company Gets Concession.

Lansing, Mich., July 18.—The proposition of the United Fuel & Supply Co., of Canada to lease and operate the state mineral lands in Montgomery county was accepted by the public domain commission yesterday afternoon.

It was agreed by the commission to make a contract with the company providing that the state should receive 10 per cent of the gross product for the first three years not over 12½ per cent the next three years and not over 25 per cent the remainder of the franchise term. Clauses were also incorporated in the lease, calling upon the company to show no discrimination or forfeit the lease, and to do a certain amount of work annually.

Regent Junius Beal, of Ann Arbor, and Auditor General Fuller led in the fight for better terms for the state.

The discussion also brought out the fact that no one seems to know whom the company really represents. State Geologist Allen said that Mr. Tears, its representative, had informed him several times that the company was a subsidiary to the Standard Oil Co.

TAKES LESSONS IN BURGLARY

Young Galveston Man Works on Commission for His Tutor.

New Orleans, La., July 19.—Milford Lindsaly, who is said to come from a respectable Galveston, Texas, family, dissatisfied with a salary of $12 a week enlisted as the pupil of a professional burglar. Lindsay was to work for him on commission until he learned the trade. Detectives arrested him the other day on the Morgan liner Proteus as she was clearing for New York.

His tutor in the art of burglary is known in southern police courts as "Casey Jones," on account of his fondness for singing that song. The police say Lindsay could not have chosen a more able teacher, as "Casey," whose real name is Robert Wayne Montel, has had a long and successful career.

Together Lindsay and Montel robbed two houses in Galveston, according to the warrants, stealing $1,045 worth of jewelry in one place and about $500 in another. They pawned and sold most of the stuff and bought steamship tickets for New York. The youth broke down on his arrest and confessed. He and Montel say they will return to Texas without extradition papers.

BROKERS BEGIN BUSINESS

Cincinnati, July 19.—The receivership under which the brokerage house of Roberts, Hall & Criss, of Cincinnati and New York has been working since January, 1910, was lifted today and the business restored to its owners. Complete settlements have been made with all the creditors.

This firm lost heavily in the "Hocking Coal Pool."

OHIO 'THEFT' HIT BY THE COLONEL

In Outlook Articles Roosevelt Scores Action of Some Delegates.

New York, July 19.—Two phases of the Republican national convention at Chicago are discussed by Theodore Roosevelt in editorial articles in the current issue of The Outlook. The "Steam Roller" and "Men Who Live Softly" are the headings of the colonel's articles.

In one of the articles the colonel cites the action of the Taft leaders in "persuading nine-tenths of the delegates from Cleveland to violate the expressed and overwhelming will of the people." He names Burton as one of those responsible for this action.

In the first article the writer answers charges that "steam roller" methods were used to nominate him in 1904 and again to obtain nomination for Mr. Taft in 1908.

No Contest in 1904.

"There was no contest over my nomination in 1904 when this convention assembled," he says. "Every delegate was for me; and this was true of both sides in every contest. In 1908, when Mr. Taft was fairly nominated, there were no 'steam roller' methods as far as I know, and if anything dishonest or improper was done in the effort to nominate him it was without my knowledge and if it had been brought to my attention and I had any power in the matter, I would have interfered with it."

In the second article the colonel alludes to "the respectable men who with discomfort stood behind their leaders in making possible the triumph of fraud and political theft at Chicago," and scores the "other respectable men who felt no discomfort in thus supporting rascality; who, on the contrary, glorified in their actions."

"I never used the patronage, not to the extent of a single appointment, to secure my nomination," says Roosevelt. "I never appealed to a single politician; I never sought or used the aid of the machine; I made my appeal direct to the people over the heads of the politicians, and stood squarely on my record; and I received the nomination solely because the people believed in me and approved of my record, and were so overwhelmingly for me that the machine politicians abandoned all thought of contest against me before the convention met."

Primary Campaign.

Col. Roosevelt reviews the history of the primary campaign in the various states and contrasts his action in waiving technicalities in the Massachusetts primary, as against the action taken by the Taft managers on the delegates-at-large in the Ohio primaries.

"But Senator Burton and his fellow politicians, by adroit manipulation equally discreditable to them and to Mr. Taft himself," the article goes on, "persuaded nine-tenths of the delegates from Cleveland to violate the expressed and overwhelming will of the people and to vote for Mr. Taft. It seems incredible that after this action Mr. Taft should still have made no sign as to the Massachusetts delegates-at-large. But such is the fact. He was not ashamed to accept without protest the delegates-at-large elected for me by 9,000 majority, but given to him because he had received about 4,000 perference majority, and yet at the same time to insist that his representatives, by trickery and sharp practice, secure for him the same delegates-at-large from Ohio which in the primaries had gone 47,000 against him.

"Of course, if I was right in the attitude I took about the eight delegates-at-large which Mr. Taft's lieutenants so greedily accepted—that is, if the preference of the voters was to be held morally binding—then it was also morally binding on Mr. Taft not to take the four district delegates from Massachusetts, where the preference had been expressed for me, and not to urge his subordinates to steal from the people of Ohio the six delegates-at-large which by 47,000 majority they had declared should be mine."

Two Conventions.

In contrasting the two conventions, Col. Roosevelt writes:

"There was one essential and instructive difference between the attitude of the big Republican political bosses at Chicago and the big Democratic political bosses at Baltimore. The former greatly preferred certain party defeat to my nomination; the latter were willing to accept any nomination rather than face certain party defeat."

In summing up his second article, Col. Roosevelt declares that in addition to the professional politicians and interests who oppose him, and to the respectable support that comes from individuals who are misinformed, there is a considerable body of support from respectable men who do know something of the issue at stake.

"These men abound in the New York and Boston social and business or professional clubs, in the boards of trade and chambers of commerce, in the bar associations, in the residential districts where people of means and leisure dwell. They are free from physical toil and hardship; they live under conditions that tell for ease, that indeed tend rather to too much self-indulgent softness, and therefore, alas! to that dreadful selfishness which is born to fear when they become alarmed lest the system which has brought about these pleasant conditions may be changed.

Immorality.

"They develop a panic-born immorality which makes them not merely excuse, but eagerly commend, the theft of a nominating convention, or any other rascality which in their estimation helps to 'save society,' or to 'preserve the constitution,' or 'to 'repel assaults on the courts;' for these men under such conditions follow the lead of the great corporation owners and great corporation lawyers in treating the constitution and the courts—quits without warrant—as instruments designed to protect privilege and vested wrong and to prevent the people from really ruling themselves."

SO ENDS THE WAR

Havana, July 18.—General Pedro Ivonet, the last of the leaders of the recent Cuban negro uprising to remain under arms, was captured today by government troops at the Nombre-De-Dios plantation, near Santiago.

SAYS RAILROADS STARTED CRY

Senator Declares They're Behind Britain's Canal Protest.

Washington, July 17.—President Taft was told today by Representative Knowland of California that Canadian railroads, acting in sympathy with American railroads, were behind Great Britain's protests against free tolls through the Panama Canal for United States ships.

"Not the slightest objection was made by Great Britain," said Mr. Knowland, "until a committee of Canadian railroad men took the question up with the British government. There is little doubt that American transcontinental railroads prompted the move."

Mr. Knowland also talked with Secretary Knox.

Both the President and secretary of state are standing for the right of the United States to put certain American vessels through the canal toll free.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS IN SIGHT

Removal of Tariff as an Issue Expected by End of Week.

Washington, July 22.—The removal of the tariff as an issue in congress before the end of this week will mark an important step toward an early adjournment of the present session.

Agreements for a vote on leading tariff bills, coupled with understandings that other important legislation either will be disposed of or hastened toward action, indicate that the week will embrace some of the most important work of the session. Failure of congress to agree on the important appropriation bills which should have been passed before July 1, has seriously embarrassed many of the government departments. Pressure has been brought to bear on house and senate during the last week to dispose of the pending measures, and it is expected that much progress will be made in the next three days.

Appropriation Bill.

In the senate the first three days of the week will be devoted, it is expected, to the completion of the sundry civil appropriation bill and debate on the Panama canal administration bill. The Democratic wool tariff bill will be voted on Thursday, the excise tax bill Friday, and the sugar tariff bill Saturday.

It is expected that the house will take up the tariff again and pass the cotton bill, as the result of the senate's determination to submit the other Democratic measures to a vote. The program for the week in the house is well filled, however, and the measure may not be reached for some time. The house will consider during the week measures regulating employment of seamen on American ships; the eight-hour law covering government; the "free ship" bill for the admission without tariff duty of materials used in American ships, and the wireless telegraph measure agreed upon by the two houses.

Hinges on Archbald.

Predictions as to the probable date of adjournment still hinge on the senate's disposition of the impeachment of Judge Robert W. Archbald, of the commerce court. If the wishes of the majority of the senate prevail, and the trial goes over until November or December, it is expected that legislation can be hastened so that an adjournment may be reached August 10 or August 15.

The need for immediate legislation regulating the operation of the Panama canal is fully appreciated in the senate, where the fight over free tolls for American ships threatens to hold up the bill already passed by the house. A plan has been broached in the senate to pass a temporary measure giving President Taft executive authoritiy to operate the canal and to fix a temporary toll rate, leaving the permanent question to be settled at the next session.

DEBS OUTLINES HIS VIEWS OF THE POLITICAL CONDITIONS

Milwaukee, July 22.—Eugene V. Debs, candidate for President on the Socialist ticket, addressing a meeting here today, outlined his views of present political conditions and contrasted the principles and purposes of the different political parties.

He declared that the Republican and Democratic parties were representative of the capitalistic class and the Socialist party alone represented the working class.

"The great capitalists are all conservatives, 'standpatters;' they have a strangle hold upon the situation with no intention of relaxing their grip," said Mr. Debs. "Taft and Roosevelt are their candidates. Roosevelt was President almost eight years. When he was in office he did none of the things, nor attempted to do any of the things he is now talking about so wildly.

"Woodrow Wilson is no more the candidate of the working class than is Mr. Taft or Mr. Roosevelt. Neither one of them has ever asscolated with the working class, except when their votes were wanted, or would dare avow himself the candidate of the working class.

"The vital issue before the country is not mentioned in the Republican or Democratic platforms. Wage slavery under capitalism, is the fundamental crime against modern humanity, but there is no room for the mention of this living issue, in the platforms of the Republican and Democratic parties.

"In contrast with these impotent, corrupt and senile capitalist parties, stands this virile young working class party, the international Socialist party of the world. The only party which honestly represents the working class in this campaign and the only party that has a moral right to appeal to the allegiance and support of the working people."

FULL THIRD PARTY TICKET IN ILLINOIS

Gov. Deneen Decides He'll Support Taft—Dixon Is Positive.

Springfield, Ill., July 22.—The committee of five progressive Republicans who were appointed by Medill McCormick to wait on Gov. Deneen and ascertain whether he would support Taft or Roosevelt for president, were informed by the governor this morning that he considered Taft the regular nominee of the Republican party for President and that as such he felt obligated to support his candidacy.

Secretary of State Doyle, Auditor of Public Accounts McCullough and Attorney General Stead were waited on by the committee and gave the same answer as did Gov. Deneen. Andrew Russell, candidate for state treasurer, told Chairman McCormick he would hand him an answer by mail.

Lieutenant-Governor Oglesby, who is at Elkhart, was written by Chairman Medill McCormick for the committee and has made no answer as yet.

A Full Ticket.

Chicago, July 22.—"There must be a full third party state ticket in Illinois with candidates for governor and other offices favorable to Col. Roosevelt." That was the ultimatum of Senator Joseph M. Dixon, Col. Roosevelt's campaign manager, delivered today to the Illinois leaders of the third party movement. It was in answer to doubt expressed at Roosevelt headquarters here whether a third ticket would be put out in this state.

Senator Dixon was emphatic in his stand for a third party ticket.

"It would be folly for Col. Roosevelt to attempt to run on a ticket merely for the electoral vote," he said.

"That would be only a moral protest and not a consideration.

"As for putting Taft and Roosevelt both at the head of the Republican ticket in Illinois, that is silly.' '

Roosevelt Sees Flinn.

Oyster Bay, N. Y., July 22.—Former State Senator William Flinn, of Pittsburg, came to Oyster Bay this afternoon to discuss the Pennsylvania situation. He denied the reports that there was a difference of opinion between himself and Colonel Roosevelt in regard to the selection of candidates for presidential electors.

"There's no truth in the stories of friction in Pennsylvania," said Mr. Flinn. "Some of the newspapers have wonderful imaginations, that's all."

"Will there be a third party ticket in Pennsylvania?" he was asked.

"Sure," responded the Pittsburg leader. "At least," he added, "there will be Roosevelt candidates for electors. The rest of the Republican ticket is all right."

"What plan will finally be adopted?"

"I've got to see the colonel," Mr. Flinn responded. "We will talk that over." Mr. Flinn said he would probably spend all the afternoon at "Sagamore Hill." He indicated that whatever Col. Roosevelt wished would be acceptable to him and that the object of his visit was merely to learn the colonel's views. Colonel Roosevelt said he could say nothing after his talk with Mr. Flinn. Tomorrow, he said, he will go to New York to meet the state leaders at the headquarters there.

CHINESE CABINET IS VETOED

Assembly Refuses to Confirm President's Appointees.

Pekin, July 19.—The national assembly today vetoed all President Yuan Shi-Kai's nominees for cabinet portfolios. As a result of the assembly's action the premier, Lu Cheng-Hsiang, alone in left in office and he threatens to resign immediately. The rejection of the names proposed by the president of the republic was due in part to the objection of the Tung Men Huis, the name by which the party of ex-premier Shao-Yi is known, to a coalition government, and to dissatisfaction in some of the other parties because of the alleged insufficient representation of those factions in the cabinet. The national assembly also was opposed to some of the nominees on personal grounds.

A deputation representing all the parties was appointed to wait on President Yuan Shi-Kai and to discuss the matter with him.

ARCHBALD LEFT UP IN AIR

Impeachment Court Adjourns Without Setting Trial Date.

Washington, July 19.—The impeachment court, which will try Judge Robert W. Archbald, of the commerce court, after a brief session today, fixed August 3 as the limit for all formal answers in the case and then adjourned until Monday, July 29, without deciding if the trial shall go on this summer or go over until fall.

A WINNING START

A Perfectly Digested Breakfast Makes Nerve Force for the Day.

Everything goes wrong if the breakfast lies in your stomach like a mud pie. What you eat does harm if you can't digest it—it turns to poison.

A bright lady teacher found this to be true, even of an ordinary light breakfast of eggs and toast. She says:

"Two years ago I contracted a very annoying form of indigestion. My stomach was in such condition that a simple breakfast of fruit, toast and egg gave me great distress.

"I was slow to believe that trouble could come from such a simple diet but finally had to give it up, and found a great change upon a cup of hot Postum and Grape-Nuts with cream, for my morning meal. For more than a year I have held to this course and have not suffered except when injudiciously varying my diet.

"I have been a teacher for several years and find that my easily digested breakfast means a saving of nervous force for the entire day. My gain of ten pounds in weight also causes me to want to testify to the value of Grape-Nuts.

"Grape-Nuts holds first rank at our table."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

"There's a reason." Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS

Monday, July 15.—Senate.—Consideration of the Panama canal bill was begun. Senator Bailey introduced a resolution condemning alleged attempts of the President to influence the votes of any senators upon any question of any senator's right to a seat, and will speak upon it today. Conferees of the wireless regulation bill agreed to require operators to be on duty at all times. The Archbald impeachment papers were formally presented. The sundry civil appropriation bill was reported by Senator Warren, who announced that he wouldask for its consideration today. Senator Works, progressive Republican, said that the "new party" should not attempt to retain control of Republican machinery in the states where the progressives control the Republican party. Ineffectual conferences were held by Senate and House conferees over the pension appropriation bill, involving the proposal to consolidate the various agencies. Senators Root and Burton opposed free Panama canal tolls, taking the ground that they would be in violation of the British treaty.

House.—The House convened at noon and considered bills on the unanimous consent calendar. The Stanley steel investigating committee considered its report. Representative Gardner, of Massachusetts, declined to sign the majority report, and stood for a progressive minority report from Republican members. The public lands committee reported favorably a bill to settle with purchasers of railroad lands in Oregon. Elections committee No. 1, ordered reports seating Representatives Bartholdt and Legare, whose seats were contested. Representative Hull introduced a bill to amend the Sherman antitrust law so as to provide a fixed penalty for violations. Representative Bulkley introduced a resolution directing President Taft to cause a thorough investigation of the patent office.

Tuesday, July 16.—Senate—Judge Archbald was ordered to appear before the senate, sitting as an impeachment board, tomorrow at 1 o'clock and answer to the charges filed by the house. The Bailey resolution attacking the President for his attitude in the Lorimer case was greatly modified and agreed to by a vote of 35 to 23. Senator Tillman's resolution requesting the naval committee to investigate and report on the Terror warship was agreed to. Senator Ashurst spoke on his bill to strengthen the rights of desert land settlers. August Belmont testified before the senate special committee that he contributed $250,000 toward the Democratic campaign of 1904. The attempt to pass the resolution to inquire into the advisability of purchasing Monticello was blocked by debate, and the resolution was temporarily withdrawn. The agricultural committee authorized a favorable report on a bill to create a horticultural commission.

House—The house convened at noon and resumed consideration of the Beall cotton antioption bill, which was passed. The military affairs committee reported favorably the bill to transfer Fort Thomas, Ky., to the navy department for a marine garrison. The judiciary committee considered a program to determine when the proposed investigation of the beef trust should begin. The steel investigating committee practically agreed to recommend dissolution of the United States Steel Corporation and indorse government suit against it. The house decided to insist upon its bill granting a pension of $75 a month to the widow of Admiral Schley, refusing sanction to the senate's increase of $150.

Wednesday, July 17.—Senate—Senator O'Gorman urged the right of American coastwise shipping to free passage through the Panama canal. Senator Lodge spoke in favor of the government paying the tolls on American shipping passing through the canal. The postoffice committee, finishing the postoffice bill, agreed to report a parcels post provision and requiring all second-class matter to be sent by mail. The river an dharbor appropriation bill, carrying $35,000,000, was agreed to in conference. Conferees agreed to the bill requiring monthly census bureau reports on the amount of spot cotton on hand. The joint resolution creating a commission to assess damages sustained by Americans at Douglas and El Paso and requiring the state department to collect the damages from the Mexican government was favorably reported. Senator Fall, of New Mexico, probably will address the senate today on the attitude of the state department toward Mexico in connection with American claims. Favorable report was ordered by foreign relations committee on the Nelson resolution to investigate the fomenting or encouraging of Cuban or Mexican revolutions by persons within the United States. Joint resolution providing for an inquiry into the advisability of purchasing Monticello, Jefferson's home, was agreed to. Democrats organized a filibuster against the sundry civil appropriation bill because Republican leaders will not agree to a vote on pending tariff bills.

House—The house convened at noon and considered labor legislation. The bill to create a department of labor was passed, and the bill to create an industrial relations commission was made the order of "unfinished business." Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, before the agriculture committee, categorically denied Representative Akin's charges that his son, Jasper Wilson, was connected with an irrigation project because of the secretary's influence. Gifford Pinchot wrote a letter to Representative George admitting that his residence property in Washington was underassessed by $42,000. The conference report on Representative Alexander's bill to require wireless operators to be constantly on duty on ocean vessels was adopted. Representative Nye, of Minnesoto, made a speech, deprecating fast living and other besetting sins. The house steel investigating committee majority will report important antitrust law amendments. The Democratic caucus elect Charles M. Riddell, of Indiana, sergenat-at-arms, to succeed the late Stokes Jackson.

Thursday, July 18.—Senate—Following another filibuster, an agreement was reached to vote on the wool, excise and sugar bills, in the order named, on the calendar days of July 25, 26 and 27. Senator Townsend made a speech in favor of the right to permit American coastwise ships to pass free of tolls through the canal. Mr. Brandegee spoke against free tolls, and predicted early action on the pending bill. The conference report on the river and harbor bill, carrying $35,000,000, was agreed to. Conferees on the naval bill are in deadlock over the battleship items, and will so report to their respective houses.

House—The house convened at noon and Representative Berger made a "keynote" speech for the Socialist party. Representative Sabath introduced a bill providing the transmission of racing news by telegraph, mail or otherwise, with fines and imprisonment penalties. The civil service reform committee favorably reported a bill to prevent political activity on the part of postmasters and federal officeholders. The committee on parents reported a bill changing the patent laws to meet the supreme court's "patent monopoly" decisions. A special rule was adopted providing an extensive program of legislation for consideration before adjournment.

Friday, July 19.—Senate.—Judge Robert W. Archbald appeared before the impeachment court and was required to answer the charges of the house on July 29. Consideration of the sundry civil bill was resumed and Senator Heyburn criticised the architecture of various public buildings in Washington. Senator Overman introduced a resolution providing for an investigation of the forestry service. Herman Ridder, of New York, will appear today before the committee investigating campaign contributions.

House—Elections committee No. 2 voted to declare Representative Catlin's election illegal and seat Patrick F. Gill, the contestant. The senate bill to prevent interstate shipment of prize fight picture films was considered. The committee on public buildings and grounds approved the senate bill authorizing the construction of a $2,000,000 marine building as a memorial to George Washington in the Mall here. The house adjourned until Monday.

Saturday, July 20.—Senate—Took up sundry civil appropriation bill. Mr. Smith, of South Carolina, declared the Panama Canal Zone as the property of the government was subject to internal laws.

House—Not in session.

STORK LOYAL TO ROYAL PAIR

Alfonso Expecting Sixth Visit in Sixth Year of Marriage.

Madrid, July 17.—It is announced that Queen Victoria Ena is expecting an interesting event toward the end of the year. Five children have been born to the young queen, who is the daughter of the late Prince Henry of Battenberg. Crown Prince Alfonso was born in May, 1907, about a year after her marriage. Prince Jaime was born in 1908, and Princess Beatrice in 1909. The fourth child died in infancy. The fifth, a daughter, was born on December 11, 1911.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—90 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men and women for government positions; $80 month; annual vacations; short hours; no 'layoffs'; common education sufficient. Over 12,000 appointments coming; influence unnecessary. Farmers eligible. Send postal immediately for free list of positions open. Franklin Institute, Dept. D-32, Rochester, N. Y.

AGENTS.

MEN, WOMEN, All Towns, Sell Forkola by leaving with each family on trial; every trial means sale; profit $3 to $4 daily; credit given; sample free. Bacorn Co., Elmira, N. Y.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

BACK to the Farm. Excellent opportunities in Northwestern Pennsylvania; we have the right kind of farms at the right kind of prices; let us know your wants; descriptive circular free. Write today as this ad. will not appear again. Address R. L. Rodgers, Real Estate, Jamestown, Pa.

TEXAS State Lands; $1.50 to $5.00 per acre; 1-40th down, balance forty years; information and Texas map free. Journal Publishing Company, Houston, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

GINSENG—Entire lot of seed and roots; must sell this fall; remarkably low price. Chas. W. Crawford, Alexander, W. Va.

PERSONAL.

Marriage paper mailed free, reliable, best published. Eastern Agency, 69, Bridgeport, Conn.

LADIES, our new "Rubber Protector" is the best; safe, secure; mailed $1; particulars 2c postage. Leipsic Medicine Co., 621 Avondale ave., Toledo, Ohio.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

Marry—Hundreds of wealthy members wishing to marry soon. Description free. Reliable Club, Mrs. Wrubel, Dept. 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

MARRY—Thousands, wealthy, will marry soon. All ages, nationality. Descriptions free. Western Club, Dept. G, 268 Market, San Francisco, Calif.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

A Spaniard's Retort.

Pittsburg Leader.

"Henry Clay Ide, our minister to Spain," said a Washington official, "gets on well in Madrid because he has a great affection for the Spanish people.

"Mr. Ide, while no champion of the bull-fight, hates to hear the Spaniards abused for cruelty on this head.

"He tells an anecdote of a Spaniard traveling from San Sebastian to Biarritz in a first-class compartment with an American.

"'You Spaniards are a great nation,' the American said. 'But I can't understand how a nation that produced Velasquez and Valdes can stomach the savage cruelty of the bull-fight.'

"The Spaniard rolled his black eyes at this, inhaled a great cloud of cigarette smoke, and said:

"'You have in America a number of societies for the prevention of cruelty to children, I believe?'

"'Yes.'

"'And they do good work?'

"'Oh, splendid work!'

"Now the Spaniard showed his white teeth in a smile.

"'Well, senor, such societies would be useless in my country,' he said. 'The man who would lift his hand against a little child has not been born in Spain.'"

Bodley's Library.

London Globe.

The upper floor of Sir Thomas Bodley's great library was originally intended as a storehouse for books when the rest of the building should be full. It was decorated partly through Bodley's request and partly through the munificence of the university, with a row of some 222 heads, painted high up on the wall close under the ceiling, and grouped together as philosophers, poets, divines or physicians, according to the subjects for which the prototypes were famous.

The library was opened in 1602 and three years later, writes Mrs. Reginald Lane Poole in her "Catalogue of Portraits in Oxford," the first portrait to be housed within its walls was presented by Thomas Earl of Dorset, chancellor of the university, and was put up where it now stands. The bust of the founder, which was "carved to the life by an excellent hand in London" and intended for the "perpetual memory of him and his bounty to the public," is the only portrait of Sir Thomas Bodley we possess which was given in his lifetime. It was not until 1634, 20 years after his death, that the university acquired the large canvas which displays the best known figure of him.

TOBACCO HABIT
CONQUERED IN 3 DAYS

I offer a genuine, guaranteed remedy for tobacco or snuff habit, in 72 hours. It is mild, pleasant strengthening. Overcomes that peculiar nervousness and craving for cigarettes, cigars, pipe, chewing tobacco or snuff. One man in 10 can use tobacco without apparent injury, to the other 9 it is poisonous and certainly injures the health in several ways, causing such disorders as nervous dyspepsia, sleeplessness, gas, belching, gnawing, or other uncomfortable sensation in stomach, constipation, headache, weak eyes, loss of vigor, red spots on skin, throat irritation, asthma, bronchitis, heart failure, lung trouble, catarrh, melancholy, neurasthenia, impotency, loss of memory and will power, impure (poisoned) blood, rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, nourish, heartburn, torpid liver, loss of appetite, bad teeth, foul breath, rarefaction, lassitude, lack of ambition, weakening and falling out of hair and many other disorders. It is unsafe and torturing to attempt to cure yourself of tobacco or snuff habit by suddenly stopping—don't do it. The correct method is to eliminate the nicotine poison from the system, strengthen the weakened, irritated membranes and nerves and genuinely overcome the craving. You can quit tobacco and enjoy yourself a thousand times better while feeling grand in robust health. My FREE book tells all about the wonderful 5 days Method. Inexpensive, reliable. Also Secret Method for conquering habit in another without his knowledge. Full particulars including my book on the subject, sent free in plain wrapper. Don't delay. Keep this and pass it on. This adv. may not appear again. Mention if you smoke or chew. EDW. J. WOODS, 936 Sixth Ave., 490 X New York, N.Y.

Notice to Our Readers

If you would like to have your neighbor or friend receive a sample copy of the Toledo Blade, send us their name and address on the following blank. Or you may send us a list of names on a postal card. We will greatly appreciate this favor.

Name.....Postoffice.....

Rural Route.....State.....

The PEACE PAGE.

Largest Ruby in the World

Every schoolboy knows that the celebrated diamond known as the Kohinoor (Mountain of Light) has formed part of the British regalia since 1850, but the general public has been unaware that the gem known in the days of the Mogul Empire as the Khiraj-i-Alam (Tribute of the World) and to European experts as the Timur Ruby, has been included among the crown jewels of England for nearly as many years. Some experts, indeed, have supposed that it had been lost. It is the largest spinel ruby known, weighing just over 352 carats, uncut but polished, and was probably discovered in one of the old ruby mines of Badakshan. The romantic history of the jewel has been recently investigated in connection with the imperial tour in India. The earliest historical records show that it was seized along with many other precious stones by the Ameer Timur, commonly called Tamerlane by European historians, when he plundered Delhi in 1398. The great Tartar conqueror stayed in India for little over a year and returned to Samarkand, taking all his booty with him. On his death the ruby descended to his son, Mir Shah Rukh, and in due time to his son and successor, Mirza Ulugh Beg. By this time the Tartar Empire was on the wane, and in the general dislocation during one of the wars between the Tartars and the Persians the ruby came into the possession of the kings of Iran. Shah Abbas I., the greatest of the Safavi Kings of Persia, who, in conjunction with the British forces, took the island of Ormuz from the Portuguese in 1622, was a constant friend and ally of the Mogul Emperor Jehangir, and presented the ruby to him in 1612. At that time the gem was inscribed with the names of Timur's son and grandson and of Shah Abbas himself. These inscriptions no longer exist, and it is uncertain whether they have been obliterated in the course of time or were actually removed by order of Jehangir himself. At any rate, the emperor at once had the names of himself and his father, Akbar the Great, engraved upon it.

Authentic records show that when Jehangir's favorite wife, Nur Jehan, remonstrated with him for spoiling the gem by this inscription, he replied: "This jewel will more certainly hand down my name to posterity than any written history. The House of Timur may fall, but as long as there is a king this jewel will be his" —meaning, of course, that the possession of so valuable a stone would always remain with the Suzerain of Hindustan. It is interesting to reflect that throughout all the vicissitudes of Indian history this prediction has been fulfilled to our own day.

The ruby next passed to Shah Jehan, who also had his name inscribed upon it, and finally had it placed in the famous Peacock Throne. On his deposition by his son Aurungzeb, or Alamgri Shah, the gem went with the rest of the jewels. Following the example of preceding Mogul owners, Aurungzeb added his name and the date on which he acquired it. The last of the Delhi Emperors to inscribe his name was Mahomed Farukh Siyar. In the reign of his successor Nadir Shah invaded Indian and sacked Delhi (1739). The loot carried away, to his capital, then Ispham, included the Timur Ruby, as is shown by the following inscription engraved in the cryptic style affected by Persian scholars of the day.

"This (is) the ruby from among the 25,000 genuine jewels of the King of Kings the Sultan Sahib Qiran, which in the year 1153 from the (collection of) jewels of Hindustan reached this place."

The date is that of the Hijra era and corresponds with 1740 A. D. Sahib Qiran ("the Lord of the auspicious conjunction") is the name by which Timur has always been known in Asia and the Moslem world.

The latest name on the jewel is that of Ahmad Shah, commonly known as Abdali or Durani, who, at the time of Nadir Shah's assassination in 1747, held an important command in his victorious army. On hearing of the murder he attempted to seize the throne, but succeeded only in securing a large amount of booty, which he took with him when he marched south at the head of his Usbeg troops and founded the Kingdom of Afganistan. On his death, in 1772, his son, Timur Shah, succeeded to the throne of Kabul, and the ruby eventually passed to the latter's youngest son, Shah Suja. On his expulsion by Dost Mahomed he took refuge in the Punjab, and Maharaja Ranjit Singh forced him to surrender both the Kohinoor and Timur Ruby.

On the annexation of the Punjab, in 1849, the board of administration took over all the state jewels. The Kohinoor was sent direct by the hands of a special officer to England and at once delivered to the late Queen Victoria. Some of the more valuable gems and articles found in the Toshakhana (treasure house), including the Timur Ruby, were packed up in Lahore and sent via Karachi and Bombay to London. These were all displayed in the great exhibition of 1851, and when this was closed the court of directors of the East India company presented the ruby to Queen Victoria.—London Times.

OUR COOK BOOK

Chocolate Cream.

Soak one-half box of gelatine in one-half cupful of cold water for one hour. Add to the same one-half cupful of grated chocolate, one-half cupful of white sugar and one pint of milk. Stir all together and boil five minutes by placing the vessel in another of boiling water, then add one-half cupful of cold water for one minute. Flavor with one teaspoonful of vanialla and pour into molds to cool. The molds should be wet with cold water, as the jelly slips out more easily. Keep it well chilled.

Cheese Pudding.

One-half pound of Cheddar cheese cut into very thin slices, an ounce of butter and two eggs well beaten. Method.—Put the cheese and butter into a saucepan and stir over the fire till all is melted. Move the saucepan off the fire, then add the eggs and mix all together, put into a shallow dish and brown before the fire.

Cocoanut Ice.

Put a pound of white granulated sugar and an eighth of a pint of cold water into an absolutely clean saucepan. Bring it to a boil over a gentle heat, simmer for five minutes, stirring well all the time. Place the saucepan at the side of the light, add slowly eight ounces of cocoanut, stir for five minutes, press into a greased tin, coloring one-half with cochineal and leave for 24 hours.

Marshmallows.

To two cups of granulated sugar add six tablespoons of water and put over a moderate fire. Stir until it boils and then boil without stirring until a little when dropped in cold water will form a soft ball. Have ready two tablespoons of clear granulated gelatine soaked in six tablespoons of cold water for about 20 minutes. Pour into the candy and stir until thick. Flavor to taste, pour into a shallow dish well powdered with pulverized sugar, spread out, dust well with sugar and set away to cool, after which cut into small squares, roll in powdered sugar and pack away in candy boxes. It will take from three to four hours to "set," and in warm weather even longer. These will be fine if care is taken in the making.—Pansy Alcorn of Pennsylvania.

Frozen Fig Pudding.

Two quarts of milk, one and one-half cups of sugar, six eggs with the yolks separated and beaten well, and put the yolks into milk. Four table spoons of cornstarch or flour dissolved in three tablespoons of milk. Put in a double boiler and let come almost to the boiling point. Add the yolks of eggs. Let it cool and put in one tablespoon of lemon or vanilla extract. Boil all until it thickens a little. Chop your figs and walnuts, one cup of figs and two cups of English walnuts. Put in the whites of the eggs beaten stiff, the last of all, and stir with a spoon.—Mrs. Hattie Henter, New York.

Spiced Peaches.

Two ounces of ground allspice, two ounces of ground cloves, four ounces of stick cinnamon, one quart of water, one quart wine vinegar, eight pounds of brown sugar. Put the spices in water and let boil one hour, add vinegar and sugar and allow to boil until it becomes a syrup. Add peaches, sticking into each one two cloves. Let boil about ten minutes. Take out and lay on a large platter. Cook all the peaches like this and then put in large-mouthed glass preserve jars, turning over the hot syrup, and close immediately.

HELPS FOR HOUSEKEEPERS

To clarify sugar put sugar and water on to boil. Mix the white of an egg with a little cold water, add to the boiling pot, skim, strain and let cool.

To make jelly bag, take a yard of all wool flannel, heavy weight, fold together, two opposite sides, stitch the edges together, bind the top with tape and fasten on the upper side strong loops by which it may be swung.

An excellent celery seasoning may be made at home. Get five cents' worth of celery seed; run it through the finest knife of the grinder or break it in a mortar; mix with about ten times its bulk of table salt and bottle.

To wash quilts easily.—When making quilts or comfortables, cover the cotton batting with mosquito netting and sew firmly in place. Then sew the outsides together in the shape of a pillow case and slip the pad inside. Tack it sufficiently to hold the pad in place. When soiled, the outside may be very easily removed and washed.

To make over woolen blankets.—If woolen blankets are wearing out, cover them with silkoline and tack like a comfort. They need not be tied closely, as they will not slip or pack like cotton does. The fleeced or cotton blankets may be used in a quilt instead of cotton or wadding, and are easier to handle.

Strange Wedding Customs

The wedding customs of foreign lands are so widely varied that in them even more than in the other customs of daily life is the wide gulf between races noticeable. The bride and bridegroom pictured are people of the Schwalm valley, a section of country in Western Germany. When a young man of this locality needs a wife he chooses her from the village girls, and two months after the time he chooses her—always between hay and corn harvest—the wedding takes place.

Red only may be worn by the maiden and is denied her after marriage. Therefore when the bride and groom go to deliver their wedding invitations in person the Sunday before the marriage the bride-elect is decked out in red splendor. She wears many stiff, short petticoats with a skirt of heavy black stuff. On the hips are four-cornered pieces of gold and silver embroidery, and she is altogether gay and gorgeous, for to the hard-working Schwalm folk a wedding is the brightest and gayest moment of their lives. On the evening before the wedding the bridal pair go with witnesses to the village council and the clergyman, the bride for the last time wearing her red cap, red corners and red ornaments. On the wedding morning the bride is dressed in her queer garb, with the addition of an elaborate stomacher embroidered in gold and silver. She wears a bridal crown which has taken at least an hour to prepare, trimmed with 25 rows of red, gray and silver ribbons, while the front is adorned with rosemary, glass balls and flowers.

The bridal outfit consist of 15 petticoats, a cloth skirt, satin pinafore, ornaments, stockings, gold embroidered garters, silk handkerchief and long gloves. For two years of married life the bride is permitted to wear lilac and green, but after that she dresses entirely in black.

The bridegroom in his long-skirted coat, adorned with the wedding insignia has an imposing appearance. He, too, wears a gorgeous head-dress, an enormous creation almost hiding his whole face, composed of many silk ribbons, yellow, green and orange. Perched upon the very top is a circular basket filled with red flowers, glass balls and rosemary.

The guests and relatives having greeted the young pair with a speech, the wedding procession begins. After reaching the church the clergyman addresses the bridal pair and blesses them and they seal their marriage by joining hands. No rings are exchanged. On returning to the wedding house the husband drinks to his bride. Then she pledges him, throwing away the glass afterward so that the fortune of the house may be secure. Congratulations follow, and then the bridegroom leads his bride into his father's house.

At the wedding feast the bridal pair eat off one plate and drink from the same glass. The food consist of soup, beef and roast sausage. When coffee is served the bride appears for the first time in her dress of green and lilac.

Our Correspondents

I received a letter the other day asking me to have Mrs. Myrick, of California, in Santa Cruz county, give a more extensive account of that part of the country, climate, land, prices and the prices of live stock, and the churches of the various denominations there.

A recipe for cooking the colored or Jerusalem artichokes is desired by a reader.

To the friend who asked for the music of the Indian's Lament I want to say that I must have your address to furnish you with what you desire. Repeat your request and send your address.

Friend from De Peyster, thank you for the encouragement. It helped me very much.

And Mrs. Mae Brown, thank you, too for the same reason. I keep your letter as a spur when depression settles on me. It is good to know that people believe in you.

From a girl seventeen years old comes this letter that makes one's heart ache for her in her lonliness. "My mother died when I was a tiny girl five years old, but the memory of her pleasant smiles and kind words will last forever. My father is still living but I never see him. I am working on a large farm where I have been for some years. I love to read the letters of the blessed Peace Page. They are a great company for one when lonely." This is Kitty Dearborn, and she is indeed the friend of everyone on the Peace Page and no less a friend of the Editor's.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Cassie Smart of Indiana write us a longer letter about the things you do in the little town. We shall be glad to hear from you.

Lucille Allman, Mowrystown, Ohio, would like to exchange postals with some of the boys and girls of The Blade.

A little Ohio booster writes, "We live in Ohio, the grand old state of plenty." She is a little musician and comes of a family of musicians. Her father and brother play violins and she is learning to play the guitar. This interesting little person is Iva L. Brown.

Tell us what you did to keep the "we little chickadee" from freezing, M. C. Patriot, Ohio.

"I have for pets two hens that lay every day. Their names are Daybreak and Jane Amanda, and Jane Amanda has only two toes, on one foot. The rest were frozen before she was feathered out." This from Vernita Hoskins, of Michigan.

Clara McGinnis, R. F. D., 1, Culloden W. Va., has a birthday on July 19 and would like some postals.

Walter E. Icehour of N. C., how is the book coming? Write and tell me about it. I am interested. Your suggestion regarding writing about our aims in life to the Peace Page is one that I heartily approve.

Esther Cart writes from West Virginia: "We live in a mill town and hear the whistles blow and see the engines roll in with logs every day."

Write a letter for the boys and girls about your trip to North Carolina, J. B. S. of Virginia. I know they would enjoy it.

N. O. Ler, Box 251, Spiro, Oklahoma, wants to exchange post cards.

POETS' CORNER

ON BOARD THE CUMBERLAND, MARCH 7, 1862

George H. Boker.

"Stand to your guns, men!" Morris cried, small need to pass the word;
Our men at quarters ranged themselves before the drum was heard.
And then again the sailors' jests: "What thing is that, I say?"
A 'long-shore meeting house adrift is standing down the bay!"

A frown came over Morris' face; the strange, dark craft he knew;
"That is the iron Merrimac; manned by a rebel crew.
So shoot your guns and point them straight, before this day goes by,
We'll try of what her metal's made." A cheer was our reply.

"Remember, boys, this flag of ours has seldom left its place,
And where it falls, the deck it strikes is covered with disgrace.
I ask but this, or sink or swim, or live or nobly die,
My last sight upon earth may be to see that ensign fly!"

Meanwhile, the shapeless iron mass came moving o'er the wave,
As gloomy as a passing hearse, as silent as the grave.
Her ports were closed, from stem to stern no sign of life appeared;
We wondered, questioned, strained our eyes, joked—everything but feared.

She reached our range; our broadside rang; our heavy pivots roared,
And shot and shell, a fire of hell, against her side we poured.
God's mercy! from her sloping roof the iron tempest glanced
As hail bounds from a cottage-thatch, and round her leaped and danced!

Or when her dusky hull we struck a fair, full blow,
The mighty solid iron globes were crumbled up like snow.
On, on, with fast increasing speed the silent monster came,
Though all our starboard battery was one long line of flame.

She heeded not; no guns she fired, straight on our bows she bore;
Through riving plank and crashing frame her furious way she tore.
Alas! our beautiful, keen bow, that in the fiercest blast
So gently folded back the seas, they hardly felt we passed.

Alas! alas! my Cumberland, that ne'er knew grief before,
To be so gored, to feel so deep the tusk of that sea-boar!
Once more she backward drew apace; once more our side she rent,
Then, in the wantonness of hate, her broadside through us sent.

The dead and dying round us lay, but our foeman lay abeam,
Her open port-holes manned us, we fired with shot and scream.
We felt our vessel settling fast, we knew our time was brief.
"Ho! man the pumps!" But they who worked, and fought not, wept with grief.

"Oh, keep us but an hour afloat! Oh, give us only time
To mete unto yon rebel crew the measure of their crime!"
From captain down to powder-boy, no hand was idle then,
Two soldiers, but by chance aboard, fought on like sailor men.

And when a gun's crew lost a hand, some bold marine stepped out
And jerked his braided jacket off and hauled the gun about.
Our forward magazine was drowned, from the sick-bay
Crawled out the wounded, red with blood and round us gasping lay.
Yes, cheering, calling us by name, struggling with falling breath
To keep their shipmates at the post where glory strove with death.

With decks afloat and powder gone, the last broadside we gave
From the guns' heated iron lips burst out beneath the wave.

So sponges, rammers and handspikes—as men-of-war's men should—
We placed within their proper racks, and at our quarters stood.
"Up to the spar-deck! save yourselves!" cried Selfridge. "Up, my men!
God grant that some of us may live to fight yon ship again!"

We turned we did not like to go; yet staying seemed in vain.
Knee-deep in water; so we left; some swore, some groaned with pain.
We reached the deck. There Randall stood: "Another turn, men, so!"
Calmly he aimed his pivot gun: "Now, Tenny, let her go!"

It did our sore hearts good to hear the song our pivot sang.
As rushing on from wave to wave the whirring bombshell sprang.
Brave Randall leaped upon the gun, and waved his cap in sport.
"Well done! well aimed! I saw that shell go through an open port!"

It was our last, our deadliest shot, the deck was overflown—
The poor ship staggered, lurched to port, and gave a living groan.
Down, down, as headlong through the waves our gallant vessel rushed;
A thousand gurgling watery sounds around my senses gushed.

Then I remember little more; one look to heaven I gave,
Where, like an angel's wing, I saw our spotless ensign wave.
I tried to cheer. I cannot say whether I swam or sank;
A blue mist closed around my eyes, and everything was blank.

When I awoke, a soldier lad, all dripping from the sea,
With two great tears upon his cheeks, was bending over me.
I tried to speak. He understood the wish I could not speak.
He turned to me. There, thank God! the flag still fluttered at the peak!

And there, while thread shall hang to thread, Oh, let that ensign fly!
The noblest constellation set against the northern sky—
A sign that we who live may claim the peerage of the brave;
A monument that needs no scroll, for those beneath the wave.

THE SEA

Barry Cornwall.

The sea, the sea, the open sea,
The blue, the fresh, the ever free;
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.
I'm on the sea, I'm on the sea,
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh, how I love to ride
On the fierce, foamin- bursting tide,
When every mad wave crowns the moon,
And whistles aloft its tempest tune.
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest wind doth blow!

I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I love the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest—
And a mother she was and is to me,
For I was born on the open sea.

The waves were white and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born:
The whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outery wild,
As welcomed to life the ocean child.
I have lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers, a rover's life
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wide, unbounded sea.

THE WORLD GOES ROUND AND ROUND.

J. G. Holland.

Oh, sweet the scent and songs of spring,
And bright are the summer flowers,
And chill are the autumn winds that bring
The winter's lingering hours.

Chorus.
And the world goes round and round,
And the sun sinks into the sea,
And whether I'm on or under the ground,
The world cares little for me.

The hawk sails o'er the sunny sea,
The brook trolls along the shade,
But the friends I have lost are cold and still
And low their forms are laid.

The ways of men are dark and bright;
The eye of a woman blind,
It is meet for the eyes to see the light,
But dying eyes are blind.

If life awake and never cease,
On yon distant, future shore,
And the rose of love and flower of peace
Shall there bloom evermore,

Let the world go round and round
And the sun sink into the sea,
For whether I'm on or under the ground,
What will it matter to me?

MOTHER'S PRAYER.

In the dreary hour of midnight,
When the camp's asleep and still,
No a sound save rippling streamlets,
Or the voice of whip-poor-will,
Then I think of dear loved faces
As I steal around my beat—
Think of other scenes and places,
And a mother's voice so sweet.

Mother, who in days of childhood
Prayed as mothers only pray,
"Guard his footsteps in the wildwood,
Let him not be led astray,"
And when dangers hovered over me
To the pledge I would be true
Though a hundred times the tempter,
Every day throws out his snares,
I can boldly answer, "No, sir!"
When I think of mother's prayers.

And while here I tell the story,
Why my boyhood days were sad,
Is there not some one before me,
Who will make a mother glad?
Fill her heart with fond emotion,
Drive away life's bitterest cares?
Sign and keep the pledge for mother,
Heed thy mother's earnest prayers.

Oh, my comrades, do not drink it!
Think of all your mother said,
While upon her death-bed lying—
Or perhaps she is not dead.
Don't kill her then I pray you,
She has had enough of cares,
Say you won't and heaven will help you,
If you think of mother's prayers.

The Mocking Bird and A Hundred Years Hence are two poems asked.

TESTIMONY OF FIVE WOMEN

Proves That Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Is Reliable.

Reedville, Ore.—"I can truly recommend Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to all women who are passing through the Change of Life, as it made me a well woman after suffering three years." —Mrs. MARY BOGART, Reedville, Oregon.

New Orleans, La.—"When passing through the Change of Life I was troubled with hot flashes, weak and dizzy spells and backache. I was not fit for anything until I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound which proved worth its weight in gold to me."—Mrs. GASTON BLONDEAU, 1541 Polymnia St., New Orleans.

Mishawaka, Ind.—"Women passing through the Change of Life can take nothing better than Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I am recommending it to all my friends because of what it has done for me."—Mrs. CHAS. BAUER, 523 E. Marion St., Mishawaka, Ind.

Alton Station, Ky.—"For months I suffered from troubles in consequence of my age and thought I could not live. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me well and I want other suffering women to know about it." Mrs. EMMA BAILEY, Alton Station, Ky.

Deisem, No. Dak.—"I was passing through Change of Life and felt very bad. I could not sleep and was very nervous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to perfect health and I would not be without it."—Mrs. F. M. THORN, Deisem, No. Dak.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO:

Here we meet for Health, Happiness and Good cheer.

TO MAKE ROSE BEADS.

I have been a reader of The Blade ever since I was big enough to read. But I never have written to it before, knowing there were so many others more capable of benefiting the readers. However, some time ago I saw a request for the making of rose beads, and, as no one else has answered, here is the way the people in the Santa Clara valley taught me when I was there. Gather your rose petals, a quart or more, grind them through a food grinder five or six times. When very fine, put the ground pulp in an iron vessel, cover with cold water, and set out in the sunshine 21 days, adding more water as it evaporates. Let it dry to the consistency of dough the last day. It will then be black. Roll it into round balls a little larger than you want your beads. Set them off 24 hours. Then stick them all on hatpins or fine knitting needles for another 24 hours, turning them around once or twice so they will not stick to the needles. They will then be hard enough so you can take a fine knife and crease little figures in them, or polish them smooth with a bit of fine sandpaper. Keep them in a box containing a piece of cotton on which a drop of attar of roses has been placed and you will have a string of genuine rose beads, which you will have earned. They are sold in California for $5 a string, and are well worth the price. Many string them with little steel or silver beads between. I am a happy wife of a good farmer, and the mother of ten living children. Many blessings have come to brighten our years of hard toil, though we are still poor in this world's goods. Can a reader tell me how to use a "hair rooter," I bought one recently to help in straightening combings, but do not know how to use it. Best wishes to you all, and a hope that you all enjoy God's promises.—Mrs. L. White, R. I., Little Genesee, N. Y.

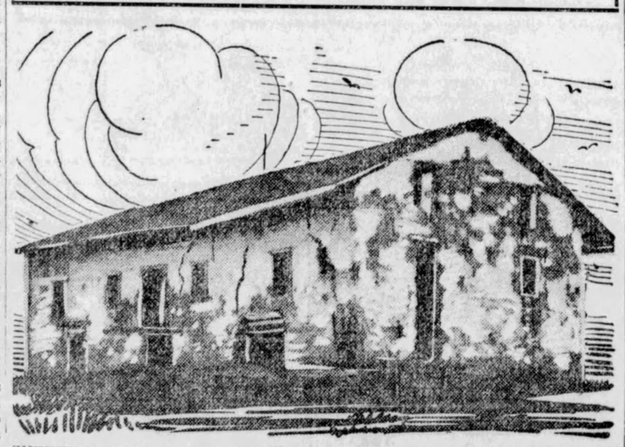
A TRAVEL LETTER.

Dear Friends—I will endeavor to write or rather scribble a few lines, as it has been a long time since I talked with you folks all over this broad nation of ours. I am way down in eastern North Carolina, but I can read the many good letters from all parts of the country. We have had a very bad crop this season down here because of the rain. What has become of Captain Jack since he got married? Also Fern Leaf and many other western writers. What has become of Captain J. H. Johnson, of Smith's Ferry, Pa. I would like to hear from him through the Peace Page. Well, I wish that some of you people up in the mountains could be with us for a week. We could take you out sailing over the beautiful waters of Pamlico Sound and its rivers, and down old Jones Bay, which is my favorite spot. It is the home of my childhood and on its banks my dear ones sleep. We have good farm lands here, very productive. Our bays and rivers afford plenty of oysters and fish and this industry gives employment to hundreds of men and boys. It brings thousands of dollars to our place yearly. We will now leave this romantic old Jones Bay. By boat we will cross the Pamlico Sound, passing several beautiful islands, until we reach Harbor Island Bar. Now we will take a cruise up the course of the sound, heading southwest to Beaufort, N. C., a distance of 30 miles. The western shore is thickly settled, while the east side is a strip of sand beach with no woodland except some scrub bushes in places. There are hundreds of little horses called Banks ponies, that are raised there and get their own living. They are penned twice a year and branded. Hogs and cattle are also raised here. If some of the western girls and boys could be here where they could see the broad Atlantic and its waves rolling high up on this sand beach, which is covered with thousands of the most beautiful shells of many different colors, with hundreds of beautiful birds that nest on this beach, I think they would never want to leave it. Harker's Island, at the head of the sound, is a romantic place, thickly populated by fishermen. The sound and ocean on the east and the straits on the west, make the island a delightful place.

Well, we are now at or near the old historical town of Beaufort, N. C., where we can look out at old Topsail Inlet and see the lofty billows break on the bar. Fort Macon, on the west side of the inlet, brings to mind the many poor fellows who died there in the civil war. Morehead City, to the west, is just across Boug Sound. It has a large hotel, and hundreds of people spend the summer there. Well, I would have liked to tell you of the light tower, 190 feet high, that can be seen 20 miles; also of the life-saving station, with boats to save the poor shipwrecked sailors. This is on the point of Cape Lookout, where they often kill and butcher whales for the oil.

Well, my friends, my family has gone to Sunday school this evening, and if I don't get back home they will be looking for me. Tonight I am 60 miles from home, so I will make one long hop and jump over to Hobucken and meet my wife in due time.—Scribbling Jack, Hobucken, N. C.

An Old Fort, Sacramento



SUTTER'S FORT AT SACRAMENTO, CAL., BEFORE RESTORATION.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO.

Do all the good you can,
To all he people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

THINKS FARM LIFE BEST

I do not wish to monopolize the time nor occupy your valuable space to the exclusion of more interesting letters, but I have been a silent reader of The Blade for 12 years or more and I do want my little say. I see that some have been speaking of their environments, so I will speak of mine. I am a farmer and have something to do nearly every working day in the year. I am surrounded by the beautiful hills of the Old North State in Madison county, in the valley of the beautiful French Broad river, and as I write I can look out from my window and see the beautiful spruce trees. I long for a kodak that I might give you all a glimpse of the grandeur. I would rather bear the so-called drudgery attached to farm life, with a year's supply of provisions stored away than meet the daily struggles in the city. I am the father of six children, three boys and three girls and the husband of a brave little woman who only weighs 96 pounds, but who is regarded by every member of the family as the most important factor. My chief ambition is to raise my children to a life of future usefulness by instilling into their minds the thought of right living. I believe children should be taught the lesson of obedience in the home in order that they may bear true allegiance to the moral law later in life. My advice to parents is to keep constantly hammering if they wish to shape the lives and characters of their children after the person of the Divine Master. Don't teach them the commandments and then take a thousand other things for granted. Be assured that no responsibility ever rested so heavily on human shoulders as that of parent to child. Draw out their better nature by pointing out the splendor of a model life, which, in my judgment is better than pointing out the misery of wrong living. If we are ever to have that much talked about universal peace it must begin in the home and in the minds of the rising generation. I shall sign myself what my wife has always called me.—Willie of North Carolina.

BELIEVES IN SCHOOLS

Dear Friends of the Peace Page—The group on the merry-go-round seems so merry that I can no longer restrain the desire to join you all, but as this is my first ride, perhaps my head will become dizzy and I will fall off before I get started from West Virginia. I am going to try and tell everyone what my dearest hobby is. How many of us ever stop to think what makes The Blade have so many friends. How many of you deem it a blessing as well as a privilege to be able to correspond with each other and thus make friends with those we have never seen? And do we ever stop to think what bringsthis blessing to us? How many of us would care to take The Blade if we could neither read nor write? We would not care to hear the sisters' letters read nor the good old editor's, full of sunshine and good cheer, if we were not able to reply in return. So when I look around to the school children and see so many of them wasting their school days carelessly my heart can only fill with pity for those little ones who are growing up ignorant of the only thing that can ever bring them happiness, an education. And to all the little boys and girls who some day hope to become friends of the Peace Page I want to say these things: Don't waste your hours in school, for school-days are not only our happiest days now, but in years to come they will be the means of leading us up to a higher and more noble life than we have ever known, and as years come and go we will then realize that our school days have not been in vain and our labors we shall see crowned with success. How I wish every boy and girl loved the school room as I do. I know that if they did they would have to agree with what I have said. Education is the basis of our happiness. The boy or girl who takes the school room for their friend can always have friends, both at home and far away. Please write and tell me how you like my hobby.—O. A. S. of West Virginia.

SETS GOOD EXAMPLE

Well, here is another Sunday school teacher and church-goer. I do not miss any Sundays unless it rains or I am out of the neighborhood, which is perhaps once or twice a year.

My aim as a Sunday school teacher is to set those entrusted to me a noble example, consequently I deny myself many good times—at least such times as the world calls "good times"—but by doing so I find I'm far happier than if I had indulged in these various pastimes, which may tend to lead someone on the wrong path. The duties of a Sunday school teacher are far greater than many anticipate. For my part, I think a teacher should be as pious and God-fearing as is expected of a pastor, as our mission is one and the same. I do not think a teacher is setting a very good example when they attend worldly gatherings when there is a religious meeting held in their church at the same time. I for one make it a point not to go to any worldly gathering. If I cannot attend the religious, I remain at home. As I have said before, it is my aim to be an example, even if my influence seemingly is of little value, for at least I have the satisfaction of knowing that it was not through me that some have missed "the way of the cross."

I must admit that reading the letters of the happy wives and mothers I almost envy them their "station," while again, when I meditate and get a glimpse in some homes where there is envy and strife between husband and wife, I'm thankful that my lot has fallen to that of an old maid. But what I meant to say about marriage is in regard to the difference in ages. True, it is much nicer if a couple are nearly of an age, yet if true love reigns supreme and we are destined to fall in love with one either older or younger and are determined to make that one happy through life, we will forget the difference in the ages. If there is true love on both sides, a couple will be bound to get along happily. This is the opinion of—Frances from Illinois.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Wants to Be an Honest Man.

Dear Children — I am a boy, seven years old and I am in the third grade at school. I live in Bridgeport, Conn. This is the town where the Barnum and Baily show stays during the winter. P. T. Barnum and Tom Thumb, the tiniest man in the world are buried in Mountain Grove cemetery, which is not far from our house. Jenny Lind gave the money for a beautiful gate in the cemetery which has a big tower and is covered with vines. I wish each seven-year-old boy would send me a picture of some place near his home and I will send each one of you a picture of the church I go to. I want to be an honest man when I grow up. Sometimes it is hard to do right. I belong to the Kind Deed club. —Marvin W. Marshall, 397 Wood avenue, Bridgeport, Conn.

A West Virginian.

Hello, Boys and Girls.—Here comes a letter from the "hills of West Virginia." Don't you think The West Virginia Hills is a beautiful song? I do. I am visiting my aunt who lives in the country. From where I am sitting I can see several oil derricks. The hills just across the road from Aunt Ann's house are covered with woods. They look like a solid mass of leaves. You may imagine what a pretty sight it is. I wish all you people who live on the plains could see it. Miss Pauline Stewart, I wish you would write me for our ambitions are the same, that is, all but the music part. I hate to be housed in for an hour or two, daily, to "bang" on the piano. Hazel Jones, for your riddles I guess the first to be the sun, and I think a cow looks over the hill to see what is on the other side. Please write and tell me if I am right. And all you boys and girls, please write to me. My address is Mae Riley, Spencer, W. Va.

Annie Gochenour, Luray, Va., has a birthday on August 31 and wants some cards. Clea Surface, Newton, W. Va., wants to exchange postals.

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QUEEN MARY LIKES DANCING!

London Society Learns With Surprise of Her Pleasure.

London, July 23.—Every one has suddenly discovered that despite the serious view which Queen Mary takes of life in general and of her position in particular, she has a weakness for the feminine frivolity, of which no one had ever suspected her.

She is, as one young girl expressed the other day, "simply mad" about dancing. It has been her great disappointment this year that owing to mourning she is obliged to deny herself the pleasure of being present at several large balls, more particularly as one given by the Duchess of Devonshire, to which she had been looking forward for weeks.

Not only is she devoted to dancing herself, but the queen encourages her courage to indulge in the pastime and the ladies attending tonight's state ball received a hint that if they dance any better come prepared to enjoy it to the full, and not only wear dance books, but also not wear tiaras as might hinder their dancing, for the "fenders," as one is apt to call them, are not conducive to enjoyment of waltzing.

The state ball was, therefore, looked forward to with much more pleasurable anticipation than has heretofore been the case with such functions, and many young people received commands.

A CURE FOR RUPTURE

Success Attained at Last—How Trusses May Be Thrown Aside.

Those who are afflicted with hernia and who have been compelled to wear obstructing trusses, will be pleased to learn that a valuable and interesting book has been issued, of which a copy will be sent free to any rupture sufferer who writes to its author, Dr. Rice, 1058 N. Main street, Adams, N. Y. It tells you how a person may be speedily and lastingly rid of rupture in any form and gives much other important advice of true worth.

SUGAR HEARING RESUMED

San Francisco, Cal., July 23.—The hearings in the government's suit in equity to dissolve the American Sugar Refining Co., last held in New York, were taken up here today and are expected to consume several weeks.

SUFFRAGE LEADER SCORES VIOLENCE

British Woman Says Militancy Hurts Cause; Pleads That It Be Stopped.

London, July 20.—The violence used recently by the suffragets may lead to a serious division in the "votes for women" cause in Great Britian.

Following the attacks on the Asquith party yesterday in Dublin and on the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna in England, Mrs. Henry Fawcett, on behalf of the executive committee of the National Union of Women's Suffrage Societies, today issued a protest against the militant tactics of the Women's Social and Political Union, of which Mrs. Emmaline Pankhurst is the founder.

The union Mrs. Fawcett represents consists of over 200 societies which have for their aim the procuring of the parliamentary franchise for women.

Mrs. Fawcett appeals to the members of the militant body to stop their violence, which she says is bound to be disastrous to the cause.

Mrs. Fawcett points out that success seems only to be a question of the wisdom and statesmanship of the suffragists, and that their best friends are convinced that militancy is doing the greatest harm to the cause. She adds that when violence is resorted to it leads to crimes undreamed of at the beginning.

Four Committed for Trial.

Dublin, July 20.—As a sequel to yesterday's suffraget assaults, four women in police court today were committed for trial.

Mary Leigh, Gladys Evans, Lizzie Baker and Mary Coffer were charged with throwing a hatchet at Prime Minister Acquith, with attempting to set fire to a theatre, and with having in their possession inflammables for illegal purposes.

The police testified that a canister which apparently contained gunpowder, had been exploded in the theatre. They had found on Gladys Evans a bag of gunpowder, a portion of the theatre carpet saturated with petrol, and a basketful of lighters.

Three bottles of benzine and a tin of gunpowder also were discovered by the police authorities. Their testimony brought out the fact that many lives had been endangered by the fire.

Lima, Peru, July 20.—For the first time in the history of Peru a number of women's political clubs have been formed. The women favor the candidacy of Mayor Billinghurst of Lima for the presidency of the republic. After marching through the streets the women visited the residence of the mayor, who thanked them and praised their activity. The movement has received an enthusiastic reception from the populace.

ROOSEVELT TO VISIT SAGINAW

Will Speak in Michigan Town Latter Part of October.

Saginaw, Mich., July 23.—Col. Roosevelt will come to Saginaw during the latter part of October, according to a telegram which was received here Sunday by the progressive Republicans, from Senator Dixon, the Roosevelt manager.

HUSBAND WANTS TO LIVE TO PUT WIFE BEHIND BARS

Atlanta, Ga., July 22.—Borne to the trial in an invalid's chair from which he may never arise, Eugene H. Grace today will endeavor to send his wife to prison for the remainder of her life for drugging him and shooting him as he lay asleep in his home in this city March 5 last. The lower part of Grace's body is paralyzed, and for months it was not believed he would live; now with life enough to long for revenge, he is barely able to sit up and to talk a few sentences at a time. He accuses his wife, the beautiful Mrs. Daisy Ulrich Opie Grace, of shooting him to get the $27,000 life insurance policy he had taken out shortly before the attempt on his life.

"If it costs me the life that is coming back to me I am going to be at the trial to help put behind the bars the woman who tried to kill me," he said. "And after that I will divorce her so that she may never call herself by the name of Grace. These two things I will do or die.

Duped Into a Wedding.

"That woman shot me while I slept because she thought she saw a way to get the $27,000 life insurance policy that I had taken at her own request.

"She duped me into marrying her. She was clever in the way of these adventuresses who have had much experience beneath the white lights. I was less experienced. I brought her to Atlanta. Well, she could not be satisfied with Atlanta after the life of New York. I did my best to make her happy, but she tired of me.

"She could not care for one man alone, so she thought she saw her way to get rid of me and at the same time win for herself a fortune and a free return to the White Way that she loved. And while I slept she shot me. Could a woman do anything worse in God's sight or man's? Do you wonder that I am going to live to see her put behind prison bars? And do you wonder that when she has been convicted I am going to sue her for divorce as soon as I have lived in the state a year?"

In declaring her innocence Mrs. Grace affirmed that she has always loved her husband, and now loves him, and that to accuse her of attempting to kill him is a monstrous injustice.

87,000 ACRE BIRD PRESERVE

Mississippi Valley to Have Great Area for Winged Creatures.

New Orleans, La., July 23.—Marsh Island, containing about 74,000 acres, has been bought by E. A. McIlhenny, of Avery Island, and will be added, it is understood, to 13,000 acres deeded a few months ago to the state by Mr. McIlhenny and others to form a great preserve for wild birds. The purchase price was $143,000. Several easterners are said to be associated with Mr. McIlhenny in the enterprise.

The plan of the conservationists is to establish throughout the Mississippi valley a chain of preserves for wild birds.

FAILS TO SWIM THE CHANNEL

Wolffe Starts From France, But Has to Give Up.

Boulogne, July 23.—Jabez Wolffe, the amateur swimmer, who started on another attempt to swim across the English channel yesterday, was forced to give up his attempt. He entered the water in the vicinity of Cape Grisnez at 4:15 in the morning, but abandoned his attempt some distance before reaching Dover, where he boarded an accompanying tug and returned here.

AUTO ACCIDENT KILLS ONE

Three Others Seriously Injured When Machine Turns Turtle.

Rochester, N. Y., July 23.—Judge Charles W. Johnson, of Perry, was killed and three guests seriously injured when his automobile turned turtle late last night about a mile from Perry. The rear axle broke while the car was making high speed. The injured include Mr. and Mrs. William Harford, of Chicago.

BY ASSOCIATED PRESS, TOO

Farmer Says a Pickerel Got Caught in a Cow's Tail.

Monticello, N. Y., July 23.—Seth Pelton, a farmer at Sackett Lake is showing his visitors today a live pickerel, which became his property yesterday through a freak performance of the fish itself. Pelton drove his cows down to the lake last night and while they were drinking and wading about, a hungry pickerel jumped from the water at a fly on the flank of one of the cows. The teeth of the fish became entangled in the cow's tail and the frightened animal did not stop running until she had landed the pickerel on dry ground.

TELL FARMERS HOW TO COMBAT WEEDS

Experts Prescribe Rules for Ridding Land of Noxious Growths.

As the result of a tour of inspection, experts in the Washington state experiment station have formulated rules for combatting weeds common to most states. These methods, advised as the most apt to bring success, are based in part, upon the scientific principles underlying the growth of these plants and in part, upon practices which have proved successful on Central Washington farms.

Annuals. Plants which grow from seed only. These include such weeds as Russian thistle, tumble weed, tumbling (Jim Hill) mustard, prickly lettuce, wild oats, etc., etc. They can all be killed, if prevented from going to seed, by cutting off the tops before blooming. Never plow weed seed under if possible to prevent it. Most weed seeds will live many years under ground, and start to grow whenever later tillage brings them near the surface. If weeds have gone to seed on a piece of land, first disk it lightly so as to bury the seeds at the right depth so that they will start to grow, wait until the seeds are well started and then plow them under, or kill them by cultivation. The greatest harm in lowing down of undisked stubble-land is in burying deep the weed seed lying in the stubble.

Must Be Starved to Death.

Perennials. Plants which come up year after year from the underground roots, and spread chiefly by the scattering of pieces of roots through the soil by tillage. These include such weeds as the various "milk weeds" (blue-flowered lettuce, etc), the Canada thistle, the "camphor weed," etc. No single cutting of the tops of such weeds can be relied on to destroy them. The underground roots must be killed before the weed is eradicated. The only sure method for killing these underground roots is to completely deplete them of food, or "stave" or "bleed" them to death. Begin by cutting them close to the ground when they are in full bloom, as at this stage the greatest proportion of their nourishment is in their tops. Then never allow them to again make any growth of green tops above ground. This can be done by cutting them off, under ground with some sort of cultivator with knives which cut under the entire surface.

Knives Must Be Sharp.

The knives must be kept sharp and the ground cultivated often enough, generally every fifth or sixth day, so that no new shoots appear above ground. When new shoots start from the roots they draw upon the food material of the roots until they have opened their leaves above ground, and started new rootlets by means of which they can secure nourishment from the soil, digest it in their new leaves and add to the main roots for reserve food.

If each new shoot is cut off before opening its new leaves, no new food is manufactured, and the constant drain upon the reserve food of the roots finally exhausts the supply and the plant is conquered. If the new shoots are allowed to grow above ground for a few days at any time during the season, new food material is manufactured to strengthen the root system, and the work has all to be done over again. This accounts for nearly all failures in attempts to destroy such weeds by clean cultivation. Every farmer who has actually kept such weeds from appearing above ground for an entire season has successfully destroyed them.

THEATRE SET AFIRE BY SUFFRAGETTES

Cause Panic in Dublin Hall Where Asquith Is to Speak.

Dublin, July 19.—Mary Leigh, Gladys Evans, Lizzie Baker and Mary Coffer appeared in the police court here today on the charge of throwing a hatchet at Prime Minister Asquith, of attempting to set fire to a theatre, and of having in their possession inflammables for illegal purposes. All the accused were committed for trial.

Gunpowder Placed.

The police testified that a canister, which apparently contained gun powder, had been exploded in the theatre. They had found on Gladys Evans a bag of gun powder, a portion of the theatre carpet saturated with petrol and a basket full of lighters. Three bottles of benzine and a tin of gun powder also had been discovered by the police authorities. Their testimony brought out the fact that many lives had been endangered by the fire.

The women are charged with complicity in the attempt to burn down the Dublin theatre, where Mr. Asquith is scheduled to speak today. A blazing chair was thrown into the orchestra from a box occupied by two women, who then set fire to the box curtains.

Throw Hatchet at Carriage.

The eight suffragettes also are charged with complicity in the attempt to injure Mr. Asquith by throwing a hatchet at the premier's carriage as the party was proceeding from the wharf to a hotel. Mrs. Mary Leigh, one of the suffragettes under arrest, was identified this morning as the thrower of the hatchet. The woman, it is alleged by the police, intended to brain Mr. Asquith. Mrs. Leigh has long been a leader in the violent tactics adopted by the militant suffragettes. As far back as July, 1908, she was arrested for breaking windows in a suffragette demonstration in London. At that time, on being sentenced to two months' imprisonment at hard labor, she told the court that "the next time we come out you can expect bombs."

A year later Mrs. Leigh was again sentenced to two months at hard labor at Birmingham, and on being released brought damages against the government for forcible feeding while in prison. The woman is described by the police as "the most troublesome suffragette" they have had to deal with. Mrs. Leigh was convicted for the eighth time in London last November for smashing windows and was sentenced to two months in jail without the option of a fine. The magistrate warned Mrs. Leigh that if she were again convicted she would be sent to jail for a term at hard labor.

ECZEMA ON HANDS AND FEET

"In the latter part of 1889 my face and head broke out in little pimples. My doctor gave me some medicine and a salve. I used them for months but did not receive any results. In the meantime it broke out all over my back and chest. I then went to another doctor and he told me the same as my own doctor—that it was eczema. He also gave me medicine for eighteen months. All I could see was that he moved it from my face and body to my hands and feet, and although I did everything I could not heal my hands and feet. My hands would split open on the joints and would be so sore that I could not use them at times. Then I started to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment in July, 1893, and before 1894 I was fully cured. As soon as I began to use Cuticura Soap and Ointment I found relief at once.

"My sister, Miss Rebecca Jackson, had a breaking out on her face and hands the same as myself. She used Cuticura Soap and Ointment for seven or eight months and was cured entirely." (Signed) Samuel F. Jackson, 1217 Pine St., Philadelphia, Pa., May 5, 1911.

Although Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers throughout the world, a liberal sample of each, with 32-page booklet on the skin and hair will be sent post-free, on application to "Cuticura," Dept. KK, Boston.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, July 23.—By far the most important wheat development of the month from the viewpoint of the holder was the decline of the market to an export basis in the last day or two. Reports that some hard winter wheat was sold for export by the way of the gulf Monday worked wonders in toning up the market. Offerings early in the day were meager and shorts covered rather freely. Firm Liverpool cables added to bullish sentiment. Practically the entire market advanced 1c in the first half hour. July opening at $1.04½.

There was a further advance of about 1c in the later part of the session. Added strength developed from fear of rust in the southwest. July closed 1⅞c up at $1.05½. Net gains were about 2c all around.

Acute scarcity of cash corn is reflected in the rising prices. Local values were about ¼c up in the early part of the day and at Chicago the July advance was decidedly pronounced.

Net gains in corn were from 1½c to 2c.

Toledo dealers complain that cash oats are hard to purchase. The scarcity will be relieved not long after the first of the month, however. Toledo July opened 4c higher at 52c, while the more remote futures though strong, were not so sharply advanced early in the session.

Oats was strong with other grains and closed considerably higher.

Clover seed was rather firm at the start, prices being slightly higher. October opened at $10.05 and December at $10.00.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	July 23.	Close July 22.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.04½	1.05⅝	1.04	1.05½	1.03⅝
July	1.01½	1.05⅞	1.04	1.05½	1.03⅝
Sept.	1.03¼	1.04⅞	1.03⅜	1.04⅝	1.02⅝
Dec.	1.05¾	1.07⅝	....	1.07¼	1.05⅞
May	1.10⅝	....	1.10⅛	1.11⅜	1.09⅞
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	75	75
July	73	....	....	74½	72½
Sept.	67⅜	....	....	70	68
Dec.	57⅝	58⅞	....	58⅝	57⅛
May	58⅝	....	....	60	58½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	53½	52
July	52	....	....	53¼	48
Sept.	34⅞	....	....	35¼	34½
Dec.	36½	....	....	37	36⅜
May	39¼	....	....	39½	38⅝
Clover Seed—					
Oct.	10.05	....	....	10.07½	10.05
Dec.	10.00	....	....	10.00	9.95
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	....	75
Alsike—					
Aug.	....	....	....	10.20	10.15
Sept.	....	....	....	10.00	10.00
Timothy—					
Aug.	....	....	....	3.30	3.30
Sept.	....	....	....	3.00	3.05
Oct.	....	....	....	3.00	3.05
Dec.	....	....	....	3.00	3.05

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
July	97	99⅜	96⅝	98⅞	96
Sept.	93	94⅞	....	94⅝	92½
Dec.	95¼	97⅜	....	97⅛	95¼
May	1.00⅛	1.01½	1.00	1.01¾	99⅝
Corn—					
July	68¼	72	....	71	68¼
Sept.	61¼	66⅛	....	66⅛	63⅛
Dec.	56¼	57½	....	57⅝	56¼
May	57⅝	....	57¼	58⅝	57⅛
Oats—					
July	44⅝	48¾	....	48½	44
Sept.	33⅝	34⅛	33⅛	34⅛	33⅛
Dec.	35	35⅞	34⅞	35¼	34⅝
May	37¼	37⅞	....	37⅝	37⅛

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
July	94½	....	....	95¼	94⅛
Sept.	93	94⅝	....	94½	92½

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.05	1.03
Sept.	....	....	....	96⅜	94

DULUTH.

Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	1.05½	1.02½
Sept.	....	....	....	98⅛	95¼

CHICAGO PROVISIONS.

Pork—					
July	17.47	....	....	17.42	17.42
Sept.	17.70	17.75	....	17.65	17.60
Oct.	17.77	....	17.70	17.72	17.67
Lard—					
July	10.55	10.57	....	10.50	10.47
Sept.	10.65	....	....	10.60	10.57
Oct.	10.70	....	....	10.65	10.65
Ribs—					
July	10.42	10.45	10.35	10.40	10.35
Sept.	10.50	10.52	....	10.45	10.42
Oct.	10.45	....	....	10.40	10.37

Toledo Live Stock.

Toledo Union Stock Yards, July 23.—Hog receipts were light and the market ruled 10@20c higher. Other live stock ruled steady.

Hogs—Selected heavies, $8.10@8.20; good mediums, $8.10@8.20; heavy Yorkers, $8.10@8.20; light Yorkers, $8.00@8.10; good mixed, $8.15@8.20; bulk of sales, $8.20; good pigs, $7.50@8.00; stags and roughs, $5.00@6.75.

Cattle—Prime steers, 1,250 and up, $8.00@$8.50; good to choice, $8.00@8.25; good fat, 1,050 to 1,200, $7.50@8.00; fair to good, 900 to 1,100, $6.50@7.25; common to light steers, $5.00@6.00; choice fat cows, $5.00@5.50; fair to good cows, $4.50@5.00; common cows, $3.25@3.50; Canners and cutters, $2.00@2.25; prime export bulls, $5.00@5.50; good butcher bulls, $4.50@5.50; fair to good bolognas, $4.00@4.50; common, $3.50@4.00; choice to fat heifers, $6.50@7.00; fair to good heifers, $5.00@5.50; common to light heifers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice feeding steers, $5.50@6.00; fair to good feeders, $4.50@5.00; stockers good to choice, $4.00@4.50; stockers common to fair, $3.50@4.50; milkers and springers, $25@60.

Veal Calves—Choice to extra, $9.00@9.25 down; fair to good, $8.00@9.00; common to light, $7.00@8.00; heavy and fed, $5.00@6.00.

Sheep and Lambs—Prime wethers, $4.00@4.50; good to choice mixed, $3.50@3.90; fair to good, $2.50@3.00; culls and common, $2.00@2.50; clipped lambs, $5.00@6.00; spring lambs, $5.00@7.80.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, July 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; market steady; steers, $5.50@9.50; Texas steers, $4.90@7.00; western steers, $5.80@7.80; stockers and feeders, $3.90@6.50; cows and heifers, $2.60@7.65; calves, $5.50@8.65. Hogs—Receipts, 15,000; market slow and 5c higher; light, $7.45@7.95; mixed, $7.35@7.90; heavy, $7.15@7.85; rough, $7.15@7.35; pigs, $6.10@7.55; bulk of sales, $7.55@7.85. Sheep—Receipts, 24,000; market slow, steady; native, $3.15@5.25; western, $3.35@5.10; yearlings, $4.00@5.50; lambs, native, $4.25@7.50; western, $4.25@7.50.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, O., July 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 150; market slow. Veal calves—Receipts, 200; market steady. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 800; market slow; choice spring lambs, $7.50@7.75. Hogs—Receipts, 2,000; market 10c higher; mediums, $8.10; Yorkers, $8.20; pigs, $8.20; roughs, $6.90; stags, $6.00.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, July 23.—Cattle—Receipts, none. Hogs—Receipts, 1,800; heavy Yorkers, $8.55; light yorkers, $8.55; pigs, $8.55. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,500; top sheep, $5.00; top lambs, $7.25. Calves—Receipts, 300; top, $10.

East Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, N. Y., July 23.—Cattle—Receipts, 50; firm. Veals—Receipts, 100; active and steady, $4.50@9.75. Hogs—Receipts, 800; active; heavy and mixed, $8.40@8.45; Yorkers and pigs, $8.40@8.50; roughs, $7.00@7.25; stags, $5.00@6.25; dairies, $8.10@8.40. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 800; active; sheep steady and unchanged; lambs, $4.50@8.00.

Money and Stocks.

New York, July 23.—Wall street—The tendency of prices was reactionary at the opening of today's stock market. Steel declined fractionally on published forecasts of the Stanley report, and Western Maryland, Canadia Pacific, General Electric, Atchison and St. Louis & San Francisco second preferred also were lower. Reading, selling extra dividend, made a slight gain, as did Amalgamated and Union Pacific.

Increased heaviness was shown in the first hour when steel, St. Paul and Canadian Pacific declined a point each. Liggett & Myers was off 4 and Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburg preferred fell 7 points from its previous quotation.

Wall street devoted much of its attention today to the Stanley Steel report. Judging from the action of the market, the speculative element seemed disposed to place a bearish construction on the recommendation of the congressional committee. Steel shares fell a point, with similar declines in Canadian Pacific, and St. Paul, the latter being again affected by rumors dealing with forthcoming dividend prospects. Practically the entire list was heavy, the only notable exceptions being General Electric and Westinghouse, the former attaining its best quotation in some years. Trading was dull. Bonds were steady.

Desultory movements in the specialties were the sole features of the noon hour. Sears-Roebuck advancing 4 points. Steel was inclined to harden.

The market became heavier in the late afternoon, under the lead of Union Pacific and Reading. American Tobacco, Lackawanna, Steel and Missouri, Kansas & Texas preferred also fell 1 to 2 points.

New York, July 23, 1912.

Stocks.	Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atchison	108⅜	108⅜	108	108⅛
Am. Car & F. Co.	58	58	57⅝	57⅝
Anaconda	41⅝	41⅝	41⅛	41⅛
Amal. Copper	83⅜	83⅜	83	83⅛
Am. Smelters	83	83	82⅞	82⅞
Am. Tel. & Tel.	145½	145½	145⅝	145½
Am. Cotton Oil	53	53	53	53
Am. Beet Sugar	73⅝	73¼	73⅛	73⅜
Biscuit com.	142¼	142¼	139⅞	139⅞
Balt. & Ohio	109⅝	109⅝	109⅝	109⅝
B'lyn R. Trans.	91⅞	91⅞	91⅛	91⅛
Canadian Pac.	265⅛	265⅞	265¼	265½
Clover Leaf	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝	13⅝
Colorado Fuel	31	31	30¼	30½
Chcs. & Ohio	80⅝	80⅝	80	80
Consolidated Gas	145⅞	145⅞	144¼	145
Can Common	36⅜	36⅜	36	36
Chino Copper	31⅞	31⅞	31⅜	31⅜
Corn Product com.	15⅜	15⅜	15⅜	15⅜
Distillers Sec.	32⅛	32⅛	32⅛	32⅛
Erie com.	35⅞	35⅞	35⅛	35⅜
Erie 1st pfd.	53⅜	54	53⅜	53⅜
Gt. Northern pfd.	137⅜	137⅜	137	137
Ill. Central	131	131	131	131
Int. Harvester com.	120¼	120¼	120¼	120¼
Interborough com.	20¾	20¾	20¼	20⅛
Interborough pfd.	58⅞	58⅞	58⅛	58½
Lehigh Valley	167	168⅜	166½	166½
Louis & Nash	157½	157½	157	157
Missouri Pacific	36⅜	36⅜	36½	36½
Mex. Pet.	69⅞	69⅞	69¼	69¼
M. K. & T. com.	27½	27½	27⅛	27⅛
Miami	29¼	29¼	29⅛	29⅛
Nor. Pacific	121	121⅛	120⅜	120⅞
Nevada Con's	20⅜	20⅜	20⅜	20⅜
Northwestern	139	139	138¼	138¼
North Am. Co.	81⅜	82⅜	81⅛	82⅛
N. Y. Central	115¼	115½	115	115⅞
N. & W. com.	116⅜	116⅞	116⅛	116⅞
Penn. Ry.	123⅜	123⅜	123⅜	123⅜
Pacific Mail	31⅛	31⅛	31⅛	31⅛
People's Gas Co.	115⅝	115⅝	115	115⅛
Rep. Com.	21	21	20⅜	20⅜
Reading com.	163⅞	163⅞	162⅝	163
Rock Island	24⅜	24⅜	24⅜	24⅜
Rock Island pfd.	48⅝	48⅝	48⅝	48⅝
Ry. Steel Spgs.	34⅝	34⅝	34⅜	34⅜
So. Ry.	29	29	28⅝	28⅝
So. Ry. Pref.	77¼	77¼	77⅛	77⅛
St. Paul	103¼	103½	102⅝	103
Southern Pacific	110	110	109¼	109¼
Texas Oil Co.	129½	129½	127⅜	127⅝
Texas Pacific	22½	22½	22½	22½
Tenn. Copper	43⅛	43⅛	43⅛	43⅛
Union Pacific	168½	168½	167¼	167¼
Un. Pac. Con 4s	101½	101½	101¼	101¼
U. S. Steel	70⅝	70⅝	69½	69⅝
U. S. Steel pfd.	112⅛	112⅛	112⅛	112⅛
U. S. Steel 5's	102⅝	102⅝	102¼	102¼
U. S. Rubber com.	51	53	52⅛	52⅝
Utah Copper	62	62	61⅝	61⅞
Virginia Chem.	49¼	49¼	48¾	49¼
West Md.	58	58	58	58
Wabash pfd.	13⅝	13⅝	13⅜	13⅜
Westinghouse	77⅛	78½	77	77

Toledo Produce.

Butter—Fancy Elgin creamery, 1 lb. prints, 27@27½c; solid pack, 26@26½c.

Process Butter—Per 30 lb. tubs, 24c; rolls and prints, 25c; dairy, prime, 25c; packing stock, 19c; oleo, 17@21c.

Cheese—Choice Michigan, 13@16c; New York state, 17c; brick, 17c; limburger, 19@20c; Swiss, domestic, 22c; imported, 32c.

Eggs—Candled, fresh, 22c; current receipts, 20c.

Onions—Texas Bermudas, case, 75c@$1.00; garlic, 6@8c.

Celery—Michigan, bunch, 25c.

Cabbage—Home-grown, bbl., 75@90c.

Green Peas—Bu., fancy, Ohio grown, $1.25@1.75.

Cucumbers—Dozen, 35@45c.

Tomatoes—Hot house, 7c.

Wax Beans—Fancy, bu., 50@75c.

Mango Peppers—4 basket crate, $1.25.

Potatoes—New, bbl., $2.75@3.00.

Parsley—Dozen, 20c.

Onions—Green, 12½c.

Radishes—16c.

Carrots—New, dozen, 20c.

Dressed Hogs—Light, 9@9½c; heavy and rough, 8@8½c; calves, 13c.

Chickens, live, 12½@13½c; broilers, 26@28c.

Yearling lambs, 12@15c; sheep, 5@7c; Easter lambs, 14@16½c.

Steer beef, 10@11½c; cow beef, 6@9c.

Heifers, 7@10c.

Cleveland Produce.

Cleveland, July 23.—Butter—Creamery, extras, 27½@28c; prints, 28½@29c; firsts, 26@26½c; seconds, 25@25½c; process, extras, 26@26½c; process, firsts, 25@25½c; prints, 1c extra; dairy, fancy, 23@24c; do. choice, 21@22c; packing stock, No. 1, 18½@19c; No. 2, 17½@18c. Cheese—American, whole milk, fancy twins and flats, 16½@17c; do. choice, 15½@16c; Swiss, fancy, 21@22c; choice, 19@20c; imported Swiss, fancy, 32c; block Swiss, 19@20c; brick cheese, fancy, 17@18c; choice, 15@16c; hand cheese, 50c a box; Roquefort, 45c a pound; limburger, fancy, 18c; choice, 17c. Eggs—Fresh gathered, extra firsts, 22½c; do. firsts, 21½c; current receipts, 20c; seconds, 16c. Poultry—Alive, chickens, 14@14½c; spring broilers, weighing 1½ to 2 pounds, 20@23c; spring ducks, 14@15c. Apples—Southern, new, 90c@$1.00 a hamper. Potatoes—Jobbing, Virginia Cobblers, $2.90@3.00 a barrel.

New York Produce.

New York, July 23.—Flour, quiet and lower to sell. Wheat—An advance of a cent per bushel in wheat this morning followed strong cables, rumors of export business and unfavorable northwest crop news. September, $1.00⅝@1.01⅛. Pork, steady; mess, $19.75@20.25. Beef, steady. Lard, easy; middle west, $10.30@10.40. Raw sugar, firm; Muscovado, 89 test, 3.48c; centrifugal, 96 test, 3.98c; molasses, 89 test, 3.23c. Refined, steady. Petroleum, steady. Molasse, steady. Hay, easy. Hides, steady. Leather, firm.

Butter, irregular; receipts 8,331 tubs; factory current make, first, 22@23c; seconds, 21@21½c; packing stock, current make, No. 2, 20c. Cheese, steady and unchanged; receipts 6,997 boxes. Eggs, irregular; receipts 17,688 cases; state, Pennsylvania and nearby henmery whites, fancy large, new laid, 28@29c; do. selected whites, good to prime, 26@27c; do, common to fair, 24@25c; western gathered, whites, 19@24c.

Dressed poultry irregular; fresh killed western broilers, 24@27c; fowls, 15@17c; turkeys, 16@17c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, July 23.—Butter, steady; creameries, 23@29c; dairies, 21@24c. Eggs, steady; receipts 11,428 cases; at mark, cases included, 15½@16½c; ordinary firsts, 16c; firsts, 17½c. Cheese, steady; daisies, 15½@15¾c; twins, 15@15¼c; young Americas, 15½@15¾c; long horns, 15½@15¾c. Potatoes, unsettled; receipts, 43 cars; Illinois, 70@72c; Minnesota, 75c; Tennessee, 85c; Kansas and Missouri, 75@77c; Virginia, bbl., $2.90@3.00. Poultry, alive easy; turkeys, 12c; chickens, 14c; springs, 18@23c. Veal, steady, 8@11c.

Cotton.

New York, July 23.—Cotton futures opened steady; July, 12.15c bid; Aug., 12.15c; Sept., 12.24c; Oct., 12.37c; Nov., 12.33c bid; Dec., 12.38c; Jan., 12.36c; Feb., offered, 12.40c; March, 12.44c; May, 12.51c.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 5 to 7 points, and sold 8 to 9 points net higher during the middle of the morning on covering and continued support from trade sources. Higher cables than due and continued predictions of a bullish August bureau were supposed to inspire the buying movement and while demand was not active, there was very little cotton for sale.

The market remained quiet and steady during the late forenoon, prices 5 to 7 points net higher. Spot, quiet; middling upland, 12.80c nominal. Estimated receipts at all the ports today 2,000 bales, against 2,055 last week and 274 last year. For the week, 12,000 bales, against 11,670 last week, and 6,262 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans 647, against 70 last year; at Galveston, 609, against 525 last year, and at Houston 127 bales, against 290 last year.

Boston Wool.

Boston, July 23.—The market for domestic wool continues strong, but a trifle less active. All grades continue at their best figures with demand running to medium.

The new is nearly cleaned up in all the western states and buyers are returning east.

New Texas wools are moving freely with 12 months selling at 22 to 23 cents, and 8 months from 19 to 22 cents.

Sales of territory in original bags continue at 20½ cents for Utah, 21 cents for Idaho, and 20 to 22 cents for Wyoming. Fleeces are reported to be relatively stronger.

CREDIT BUREAU BROACHED

In the market report of C. A. King & Co. the following appears on credit bureaus:

Weed out the crooks. Make complaints, prove your case, then advertise the undesirables. Exchange lists with the different exchanges and grain associations. Grain business is handled upon too small margins to take any unnecessary risks. Others and ourselves have tried to get the Council of Grain Exchanges to inaugurate a bureau and thus give direct benefits to its members, but it hesitates and drifts along in the old-fashioned way. The Grain Dealers' National talked of establishing a bureau, but is also bashful. Both have good secretaries. Give them more work. Progress! as McMorran Bros., of St. Paris, Ohio, writes us: "You touched our hearts this morning when you gave your opinion on the establishment of a "Credit Bureau" of the Grain Dealers' National and Council of Grain Exchanges. There are some people in the grain trade who should be weeded out. We know of no better way than to have a credit bureau, or especially an

DEATH NEARS JAP EMPEROR

Mutsuhito Has Been Mikado 45 Years—He Has Long Been in Failing Health.

Tokio, Japan, July 20.—Mutsuhito, the emperor of Japan, is critically ill. The members of the Japanese cabinet and the princes of the imperial family have been summoned to the palace, and it is generally believed that his majesty is sinking.

The court physician in attendance on his majesty at 9 o'clock this morning diagnosed the case as acute nephritis. The doctors at the consultation were Genkyo Oka, Tanemichi Aoyama and Kinnosuke Miura.

It was announced later in the morning that uremia had developed.

The weather is very hot, the thermometer registering 90 degrees in the shade.

Crown Prince Is Ill.

His majesty's bed has been moved to a sitting room in the palace. The empress remained at the bedside of her husband during the day. The crown prince, Yoshihito, who is recovering from a case of chickenpox and is still confined to his bed, received the news of his father's illness this morning. He has not yet been able to visit the palace.

The imperial princes have been summoned from their summer residences and together with all the notables at present in the capital, they repaired to the palace where they await the latest news from the sick chamber.

The present situation is without precedent in the history of new Japan. The news of his majesty's illness came as an absolute surprise and its unlooked for announcement resulted in the quick collapse of prices on the local stock exchange.

Unconscious Friday.

The return to Tokio of Prince Katsura, the former premier, who left some days ago on a mission to Europe, is expected. The prince was among the first to be officially notified by telegraph of the emperor's illness.

It became known today that his majesty was unconscious from this illness yesterday.

Emperor Mutsuhito was born November 3, 1852, at Kyoto, and has reigned since 1867, when he succeeded his father, Kamei. He married in 1869 a daughter of Prince Ichijo. The heir apparent to the Japanese throne is Prince Yoshihito, a son of the emperor, who was born August 31, 1879.

LIVED SECLUDED LIFE

Tokio, July 20.—While the emperor of Japan has been the ruler of his country for 43 years, a period during which the empire has made remarkable industrial and political progress, he has lived a life of comparative seclusion and has rarely appeared in the conduct of affairs of state. He has worked through his ministers and advisers.

The war with Russia and its successful outcome was one of the notable events of his reign.

PRAY FOR THE MIKADO

School Children Gather Outside Japanese Palace.

Tokio, July 22.—The bulletins issued from the palace by the court physicians reporting the improved condition of the health of Mutsuhito, the emperor of Japan, have been received with satisfaction throughout the capital today. The stock market improved generally as a result of the satisfactory news

The Nichi Nichi, one of the leading newspapers, publishes a report that the entertainments are to be resumed tomorrow.

A note of warning, however, is sounded by one specialist who is quoted as saying that this is only the first stage in the emperor's malady, and advising against over-hopefulness, because the second and third stages of the disease must be passed through before the full confidence in this majesty's recovery can be restored.

It is reported today that the emperor was at one time sufficiently conscious to be able to speak intelligently with the chief court physicians.

This afternoon a number of representatives of various Christian sects visited the palace to express their condolence with the imperial family, and their hopes for the recovery of his majesty. Crowds of school children gathered outside the palace grounds where they prayed for the recovery of the emperor.

PLACE IN CABINET FOR LABOR?

House Passes Bill Creating Department and Sends It to Senate.

Washington, July 18.—The house has passed a bill to create a department of labor, the secretary of which shall have a place in the cabinet.

The measure long has been pressed by organized labor and now goes to the senate.

The new department would relieve the department of commerce and labor of much of its authority. All bureaus dealing with questions affecting labor or capital would be transferred to the new department, as would the bureau of immigration.

SAYS PASTOR BEAT HER

Wife Accuses Clergyman Whom She Flees. Minister Resigns.

Manitowoc, Wis., July 18.—The Rev. E. A. Sheppley, pastor of the Presbyterian Church and a Chautauqua lecturer, to-day resigned, following his wife's flight to a neighbor's with the claim that he had beaten her. It was necessary to call the police, it was said, to protect the woman. Sheppely has spent two years in a crusade against Sunday saloons and moving picture theatres.

Jury Says Woman Didn't Kill Husband

MRS. MORROW NOT GUILTY

Chicago Woman Acquitted on Murder Charge.

Chicago, July 20.—Mrs. Rene L. Morrow was last night found not guilty of the murder of her husband Charles B. Morrow.

A jury in Judge Kersten's court returned this verdict after deliberating three hours and 10 minutes.

TAFT THANKFUL FOR NEGRO HELP

He Acknowledges What Race Delegates Did for Him at Chicago.

Washington, July 20.—President Taft in a speech in the East room of the White House to a delegation Negro League yesterday publicly Negro League yesterday publically acknowledged his debt of gratitude to the negro delegates to the Republican national convention instructed for him who stood with the Taft forces through the fight.

"I want to say to you," said the president, "how much I appreciate your standing firm in my behalf at a time when it was intimated to the country that we could not depend upon you. You demonstrated there your appreciation of the accomplishments of the Republican party for your race in the past and your abiding faith in its future friendship; you stood like a solid rock."

The delegation presented resolutions to the President asking for the restoration of the battalion of the 25th infantry that was involved in the Brownsville affair, and urging him to recommend a federal statute against lynching. Mr. Taft said in reply that he had done everything possible under the law in regard to the 25th infantry.

He deplored lynchings, he said, but did not believe the federal government could interfere in the states with criminal cases.

LIGHTNING IS ZOO BARBER

Two Bolts Shave Cat and Dog Quickly and Silently.

Trenton, N. J., July 22.—During a terrific thunderstorm a bolt struck a tree in Philip Miller's back yard in Metuchen, N. J., split the tree in many places, shattered a dog house at the base, and singed the hair completely off one side of Miller's pull pup Tige and stunned him.

New York, July 22.—Theodore Roosevelt, a gray cat belonging to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Wilmarth of Amityville, L. I., was on the window seat during an electrical storm when a bolt of lightning came in and shaved the whiskers and hair off T. R.'s face, leaving him unhurt.

The lightning smashed a china closet downstairs and went out of the house by a wire clothesline.

THIRTY DEAD IN CANYON

Score of Bodies Recovered in Flood-Swept District.

Reno, Nev., July 19.—Searching parties from Lovelock and surrounding towns are scouring the flood-swept canyon and hillsides near Mazuma and Seven Troughs, in Humboldt county, Nevada, for bodies of victims of the catastrophe which washed out the two mining camps yesterday.

Later advices from the scene of disaster state that more than a score of bodies have been recovered and it is believed that the death list will number 30 or more.

ALFONSO STOPS A RUNAWAY

Jumps From Carriage and Catches Horse, Saving General's Life.

Pamplona, Spain, July 19.—King Alfonso prevented what might have been a fatal accident.

As the king was leaving the cathedral after a ceremony, a general's horse bolted, throwing its rider and dragging him along the ground.

While the spectators hesitated as to what to do, the king, with great presence of mind, sprang from his carraige, caught the horse, and extricated the fallen general.

His majesty was roundly cheered by the populace.

CLOUDBURST DROWNS NINE

Jacobs Creek, Pa., July 18.—Nine persons were drowned in a cloud burst in Barren Run near here during last night.

MANY SENATORIAL CONTESTS COMING

One-Third of Terms in Upper House Expire on March 4 Next.

Washington, July 20 — Terms of one-third of the members of the United States senate will expire next March. The present senate is composed of fifty-two Republicans and forty-three Democrats, with one vacancy. Can the Democrats pick up the five men they need to insure them control? Will the next election cost them some of the seats that are now theirs?

Of the thirty-two senators whose terms will expire in March, nineteen are Republicans and thirteen are Democrats. Contests are already on for nearly all of the seats to be made vacant. In some of the states the contests already have been decided, while primary elections of elections of legislatures within the next few months will settle the others. Some of the contests promise to be exciting and spectacular. A review of the situations as existing in the different states at the present time presents many features of interest.

Taking up the list of states alphabetically, the first of the senators whose terms are about to expire is Jeff Davis of Arkansas. The result of the recent Arkansas primary assures the re-election of Senator Davis.

Two for Colorado.

Next comes Colorado, where two senators are to be elected by the legislatures next winter, one to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the late Senator Hughes and the other to succeed Senator Guggenheim, who will not be a candidate for re-election. The Democrats expect to control the legislature and elect two of their party to the senate. Among the names mentioned as probable candidates are Governor Shafroth and Representative Rucker, Democrats, and ex-Representative Bonynge and J. F. Valle, Republicans.

Delaware will choose a successor to Senator H. A. Richardson, Republican. The Republicans believe they will be able to hold the seat, but many politicians are inclined to place the state in the doubtful column.

Senator A. C. Bacon of Georgia will have opposition, but the indications are that he will be re-elected.

Idaho Republicans believe Senator Borah will be able to pull through, but the Democrats are confident he will give way to one of their faith.

The fate of the veteran Shelby M. Cullom of Illinois already has been settled by primary. If the Republicans control the next Illinois legislature Senator Cullom's successor will be Lawrence Y. Sherman. In the event of Democratic success the next senator will be J. Hamilton Lewis.

Senator Kenyon of Iowa has been named by the Republicans to succeed himself. The Democratic choice for the senatorship is D. W. Hamilton.

Fight In Kansas.

Kansas is to be the scene of a lively scramble for the seat of Senator Charles Curtis, who is a candidate for re-election. Curtis is believed to be handicapped by his vote for Lorimer. His opponent on the Republican side is Governor W. R. Stubbs, the Roosevelt leader in Kansas. Four Democrats are in the race for the Democratic indorsement. The nominations will be settled in the primary next month.

Next on the list comes Maine, which is conceded to be doubtful. Obediah Gardner, Democrat, who was appointed by Governor Plaisted to fill the unexpired term of the late Senator Frys, will come up for re-election next January. The Republicans in the Pine Tree State feel rather confident that the Democrats have done their worst there and cannot come back to the extent of controlling the next legislature. Former Congressman Edwin C. Burleigh is the Republican choice for the senatorship.

Massachusetts Situation.

Senator Crane of Massachusetts, one of the old guard on the Republican side, has announced his intention to retire next March. Curtis Guild, jr., the American ambassador at St. Petersburg, former Governor Eben S. Draper and Congressman McCall, Gardner and Weeks are among the prominent Republicans mentioned to succeed him. The Democrats of Massachusetts have made decided gains the past two years and they are hopeful of capturing the legislature next November and of sending a member of their party to the senate to succeed Crane. So far Mayor John F. Fitzgerald of Boston is the only Democrat in the field for the senatorship.

Senator William Alden Smith is to have formidable opposition in his candidacy for re-election to the senate because of his opposition to Roosevelt in Michigan. The Roosevelt men, who are admittedly strong in the Wolverine state are after Smith's political scalp.

Senator Knute Nelson of Minnesota is still hesitating as to whether he will be a candidate for re-election. The progressive Republicans are resentful of Nelson's stand in the contest between Taft and Roosevelt and if the senator comes up for re-election he is certain to meet with hot opposition.

Montana, which will name a successor to Senator Joseph M. Dixon, the manager of Colonel Roosevelt's pre-convention campaign, is another of the States that is placed in the doubtful column as between Republicans and Democrats.

Senator Norris Brown of Nebraska is among those slated for retirement. If the Republicans control the Nebraska legislature, Congressman George W. Norris will be named to succeed Senator Brown. In the event of Democratic success the next senator will be former Governor Ashton C. Shallenberger.

When Senator Nixon of Nevada, Republican, died a few weeks ago, Governor Oddie appointed Judge W. A. Massey to succeed him. Senator Massey's term will expire on the election of his successor by the legislature, next winter and the Democrats are confident they will capture the legislature, thus giving Senator Newlands, the other Nevada senator, a Democratic colleague.

Well informed men in both parties are inclined to the opinion that the senatorial career of Henry E. Burnham of New Hampshire is about closed. New Hampshire has displayed strong progressive tendencies, and Governor Robert P. Bass, a sturdy Roosevelt henchman, is mentioned as a possible candidate for Senator Burnham's seat. Rosecrans W. Pillsbury, editor of the Manchester Union, announced his candidacy for the senatorship last January. Henry H. Hollis of Concord is looked upon as the Democratic choice.

In New Jersey.

The future of Senator O. Briggs of New Jersey is in doubt. The state is regarded as very hopeful ground by the Democrats, particularly since the nomination of Governor Wilson for president.

Senator Owen of Oklahoma is engaged in a bitter fight for re-election. His opponent on the Democratic side is former Governor Charles N. Haskell. Five aspirants seek the Republican indorsement. The party selections will be made in the primary next month.

Senator Jonathan Bourne, jr., of Oregon has fallen a victim to the State-wide primary, of which he was one of the earliest and staunchest advocates. The Republicans have selected Ben Selling, a wealthy Portland merchant, to succeed him. The Democratic choice is Dr. Harry Lane, grandson of General Joseph Lane, who was Oregon's first territorial governor, one of her first senators and a candidate for Vice President on the Breckenridge ticket in 1860.

Owing largely to poor health Senator George P. Wetmore of Rhode Island will not be a candidate for re-election, "Little Rhody" has never lacked senatorial candidates and there promises to be the usual large field when the race begins. The Republicans expect to control the legislature to be elected in November. One of the men prominently mentioned to succeed Senator Wetmore is Judge LeBaron B. Colt, who contested the last senatorial election with Henry F. Lippitt.

Senator Tillman of South Carolina is a candidate for re-election, but is prevented by ill health from making an active campaign. Opposed to him as candidates are N. B. Dial and W. Jasper Talbert.

In the recent primaries in South Dakota, Senator Robert J. Gamble, Republican, lost by a narrow margin to Thomas Sterling, a brother of Congressman Sterling of Illinois. R. F. Pettigrew, once a Republican United States senator, later a Democrat, and at last accounts a Roosevelt recruit, received the Democratic indorsement for the senatorship in the primary.

Interesting in Tennessee.

The situation in Tennessee is interesting, and is likely to become more so before the senatorship is settled. So far the Democrats appear wary of measuring lances with former Governor Malcolm R. Patterson, who seeks the seat made vacant by the death of Senator Robert L. Taylor, and now filled by Newell Sanders, a Republican appointee of Governor Hooper. So far Judge Floyd Estill appears as the only rival to ex-Governor Patterson for the Democratic endorsement. Patterson's connection with the Carmack-Cooper case is regarded as likely to rekindle all the bitter factional strife within the Democratic party in Tennessee, with the result that fusion control of the legislature and the election of an independent candidate for United States senator are regarded as possibilities.

Successor to Bailey.

Texas will select the successor of Senator Joseph W. Bailey in a statewide primary to be held one week from today. The contest is a lively one. The candidates are Congressman Morris Sheppard, Congressman Choice B. Randell and Jake F. Wolters. Wolters represents the conservative sentiment and also the anti-liquor element. Sheppard and Randell are aligned with the radicals, who are generally classed as followers of William J. Bryan and opponents of Senator Bailey.

West Virginia is now served by two Democratic senators, one of whom, Clarence W. Watson, is filling the vacancy caused by the death of Stephen B. Elkins. Senator Watson must stand for re-election this winter, and as West Virginia is normally a Republican state, it is not certain whether he can be returned. But the senator and his friends say no fear need be felt for him, as he is entirely confident the Democrats will be able to swing the state to Wilson this fall and obtain a majority in the new legislature.

Senator Francis E. Warren, of Wyoming, one of the veterans of the upper house in point of service, is seeking re-election and probably will be successful in the event of Republican control of the next legislature. John R. Kendrick, a millionaire cattleman, has announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination. A preference vote on the senatorship will be included in the Wyoming primaries in August.

IT'S A COMPLETE HOAX, SAYS ALLEN

Washington, July 18.—When Secretary Allen reached his desk at the White House this morning he denounced as absolutely untrue the published story of his having opened an infernal machine intended for the President.

"This thing is a complete hoax," he said. "There is not a word of truth in it. I haven't a burn on my hand from extinguishing the fuse." Mr. Allen held out two perfectly undamaged members to prove his statement. The published story declared he had been burned putting out the fuse.

"Moreover," continued Secretary Allen, "I do not open the mail. The whole thing is such an absurd hoax that I do not even intend to issue a statement denying it. I am disgusted. That's all I can say."

To personal friends Mr. Allen gave his word that he had opened no bomb and knew of none being received at the White House. Other officials backed up his denial.

NEW YORK HOLDS WORLD'S RECORD

City's Importance Is Intensified by Leading in Manufactured Products.

New York, July 19.—Strangers visiting New York City for the first time and even many who have visited the city on several occasions, do not, as a rule, realize that the importance of New York is not altogether due to its enormous population, the greatness of its financial and commercial business and to its favorable geographical location, as a seaport, but that the city is also a great manufacturing centre, in fact, the greatest in the world.

Statistics just given out by the Federal census bureau show that the aggregate value of the products manufactured in New York City during the year 1909 reached the staggering total of $2,029,692,576. In the same year there were 21 industries in this city, having each an annual output of products valued at more than $20,000,000. First in importance among the industries of the city is the manufacture of men's and women's clothing. The 5,521 establishments engaged in that manufacture in 1909, gave employment to about 161,400 wage earners and produced goods valued at $484,888,000.

The printing and publishing industry was next in importance, with 2,883 establishments, employing 48,322 persons and turning out products valued at $183,509,000. The list of other important industries in the city includes slaughtering and meat packing; foundry and machine shop products; tobacco manufactures; bread and bakery products; malt liquors; millinery and lace goods; fur goods; gas, illuminating and heating; paint and varnish; musical instruments; men's furnishing goods; druggists' preparations; lumber and timber; copper, tin and sheet iron; artificial flowers and feathers, and confectionary.

Chinese Are Apt Pupils.

The Chinese are undoubtedly making rapid strides toward civilization in a western sense. There was a time, not so very long ago, when the Chinese tong men in New York City, in their bloody feuds considered hatchets as the only approved weapon for manufacturing ancestors. After a while they became Americanized and the revolver became their favorite weapon of execution. The revolver period lasted several years, but it seems that the regime of the "bulldog" is approaching its end so far as chinatown is concerned. The Chinese have taken another step forward and have advanced to the most up-to-date method of using time bombs in their warfare. The first of its kind ever used by the Chinese tong men in this city was exploded the other day in one of their temples, but it went off prematurely and nobody was killed. The Chinese learn quickly and it is safe to predict that the next tomb will be better timed.

William Hammerstein is proving himself indeed a "chip off the old block." He has shown himself quite as resourceful as his father and quite as skillful in inventing advertising dodges The patrons of the Victoria theatre roof garden seem to be a trifle careless with their money and after every performance the employes cleaning up several dollars in change, carelessly dropped by patrons. With quite remarkable honesty the sweepers invariably turned over the money found by them to Mr. Hammerstein, who held the money in case it should be claimed. Of course nobody came to claim it and gradually the accumulation of coins reached a total of more than $600. Then a great idea came to Mr. Hammerstein—how to get rid of the money which he was too scrupulous to keep, and, at the same time, advertise his roof garden.

He made out checks varying in amount from 15 cents to $5 and aggregating $85 for every afternoon performance, thoroughly shuffled them and had the man at the entrance present to every third patron entering the garden one of these checks until all were distributed. In this way he killed two birds with one stone and the increased attendance showed that this advertising dodge was quite successful.

Champion Beer Drinker.

There is a man in Boonton, N. J., who, unless further returns should change the result, may be considered the champion beer drinker of the United States. According to his own statement in court he spent $725 for beer in 227 days. At 5 cents a glass that would make a total of 14,500 beers, and average of nearly 64 glasses a day. It is not surprising that the man did not support his wife and she had to go to court to compel him to contribute toward her maintenance.

The fraternity of the "Black Hand" seems to have terrorized the Italians in this city so effectively, that they do not dare to do anything that might possibly be construed into an act hostile to the Black Hand. The other day three Italians who had been arrested on a charge of swindling were brought into court. The regular interpreter was not present and a clerk, being of Italian parentage, was pressed into service for the occasion. The young man interpreted the questions and answers faithfully for a while, but after a while he turned to the court and said that he refused to serve as interpreter any longer. He said the men were members of the Black Hand and he was afraid something might happen to him should he continue to act as interpreter in the case. The case had to be postponed to await the return of the regular interpreter.

MONOPLANE BEHEADS A MAN

Paris, July 20.—An aviation pupil, named Renard, while starting a 70 horse power monoplane at St. Etienne yesterday got caught somehow in the blades of the propeller and his head was cut off.

HAVE AUTOS FOR FARM HANDS

Kansas Farmers Also Offer Plenty of Girls.

Hutchinson, Kan., July 19.—"Boys, I'll pay $2.50 a day and board," said B. J. Matthews, a prosperous farmer of Frizell, to 30 sunburned harvest hands on the street here the other day.

"Hold on, there," shouted John Hitchcock, another farmer, before they could answer. "We'll pay $5 and $6 a day for stackers."

"We'll let you use our motor cars for pleasure rides after the day's work is done," offered the first.

"Fried chicken three times a day if you want it," countered his rival.

"We'll serve lunch in the field at 10:30 and knock off at 3 o'clock in the afternoon for cold drink and lunch," was the next inducement of Matthews.

Hitchcock scratched his head. Then his face lighted and he said: "Boys, five meals a day, free smokin' and cold pop. Knock off working at 6 o'clock, and no milking nor chores."

"Boys, the best-looking girls live in Pawnee county," Matthews came back. "They're the right sort of girls, too, and want good husbands. I don't know but what good-looking fellows like you will make a hit with those girls. I've got two motor cars and the neighbors have more. If you come with me it's free use of those cars every night as long as the harvest lasts, and quit work at 6 o'clock, so you can spruce up."

"Say, boss, what's the fare to Larned?" spoke up one of the youths.

"That's all right, come along," replied Matthews, and he bought tickets for the crowd.

SPENT $3,451,925 IN ISLES

U. S. Has Found the Philippines Pretty Costly.

Washington, July 20.—President Taft today sent a message to the house stating that congress so far had appropriated $3,451,925 for the Philippine Islands. The house in a resolution had asked to know the total expense resulting from the occupation of the islands.

The President stated aside from the direct appropriations it is impossible to estimate accurately any expenses incurred. He declared it an open question whether the army in the Philippines cost more than it did at home. He believes it should be charged to the United States.

CITY FEELS 23 QUAKES

Hundreds in Panic as Debris Fills Mexican Street.

Guadalajara, Mexico, July 20.—Earthquakes yesterday filled one street with debris from shattered houses, damaged to some extent almost every building in the city and drove hundreds of citizens panic stricken into the open places.

Twenty-three shocks were felt between sunrise and sunset. No loss of life has been reported.

No important structures were destroyed, except the hospital of the orphan asylum and telegraph buildings, which were made uninhabitable.

BELMONT DIDN'T AID IN 1908

Neither He Nor Ryan Contributed to Bryan's Campaign.

Washington, July 20.—Norman Ridder today told the committee investigating campaign expenditures how he raised the money for William J. Bryan's last presidential fight.

"I was the largest contributor," declared Mr. Ridder. "I gave $37,000. Mr. Bryan made a rule that no one should contribute more than $10,000. So $10,000 was subscribed in my name and each of my sons gave $9,000.

"Did August Belmont contribute anything in 1908?" asked Chairman Clapp.

"No, he did not," said Mr. Ridder. Mr. Belmont had told the committee recently that he contributed about $250,000 to the Democratic national committee in 1904.

"Did Mr. Thomas F. Ryan contribute in 1908?" continued Senator Clapp.

"No, he didn't."

BOMB HURLED AT ISABELLA

Buildings Wrecked in Attempt to Kill Alfonso's Aunt.

Madrid, July 20.—An attempt to kill the Infanta Isabella by means of a bomb which was exploded in Catalonia Square, Barcelona, yesterday, failed. Several building in the vicinity were wrecked and a few persons were slightly injured. The infanta escaped. Isabella, who is an aunt of King Alfonso, was crossing the square at the time the bomb exploded.

It is believed to have been thrown by an anarchist.

TITANIC VICTIM STILL FLOATS

Body Lashed to Spar Seen Near Fatal Spot.

Philadelphia, July 20.—The body of a man lashed to a spar, with the fingers grasping the ropes, was sighted floating in the ocean about 17 miles from the scene of the Titanic disaster, by the British steamship Hudson, which just arrived here.

The body was unrecognizable. In addition, the Hudson reported the presence of a great quantity of floe ice in the direct path of the northern steamship lines, and when the spar was sighted two large bergs were floating nearby.

A POEM FOR UNCLE JOE

Author of "Beulah Land" Indites "Inasmuch" for His Admirer.

Cape May, N. J., July 19.—Edgar Page's poem written for Uncle Joe Cannon is the latest the aged author has written. Mr. Page is known as the Fishing Jersey Poet. He arose the other morning at 3 o'clock, walked to Schellenger's Landing, a distance of one mile, and rowed five miles after weakfish. He is 77 years old. The poem, which is entitled Inasmuch, follows:

I saw a pilgrim on his way,
Upon a hot and weary day,
Tired and faint and like to fall;
I spake, encouraged him was all.

There came a smile upon his face
That shone with gratitude and grace.
He seemed to fix a steadier eye
Upon the mansion in the sky.

Far off I heard his gladsome song
Floating the King's highway along
As he pressed up the narrow road
That takes us home to heaven and God.

'Tis blest to lift the fallen up,
Or even bring the cooling cup.
For we will feel the spirit touch
And hear Him say aye, "Inasmuch."

SPEAK AND MOVE IN NEW PICTURES

Cinematograph and Gramophone Hitched Up by French Inventors.

London, July 19.— Prof. William Stirling gave a demonstration at the Royal Institution today of an invention by means of which cinematograph films and gramophone records taken of a public man making a speech can be presented simultaneously with the sounds and movements in perfect unison. Prof. Stirling said that the invention, which is due to the ingenuity of Leon Gaumont and his collaborator, comprised two electric motors of identical pattern for driving the gramophone and the cinematograph. There is a special arrangement by which any want of accord between the sound and the movement can be immediately rectified.

A demonstration of the "chronophone," as it is called, was given two years ago, but was then not quite perfect. Since then the inventors have overcome all difficulties.

A distinguished gathering of scientists and others witnessed the demonstration. On the screen one saw Ian Colquhoun and heard him recite "The Clampherdown." M. Gallipaux acted a comic monologue, illustrating the humor of an irate telephone subscriber who cannot get his number, and this was followed by a lion tamer cowing lions that roared and leaped about him. The next was a banjo player, and a one-act comedietta, which had a railway carriage for its scene, concluded the programme.

The prelude to the entertainment was a wonderful living picture of a rooster that crowed. It appeared on the screen brilliant in its natural coloring, for all the "chronophone" pictures are in natural colors, so that one saw the bronze sheen of the plumage, the red comb, and pale yellow spurs. It flapped its wings, rolled its eyes, thrust its neck upward and forward, and from its wide-opened beak there came the triumphant crow. The whole audience could watch the characteristic movements of the rooster just as if it were real and living before them.

The picture of the lion tamer in his den was even more remarkable, for here there was a mixture of sounds, the man speaking, the crack of his whip, the thud of an iron bar falling on the floor of the cage, and the terrible snarls and growls of the lions, all so lifelike that it seemeed impossible that the actual lion cage had not been somehow spirited into the room.

The banjo player, too, seemed to be present in person. The ordinary living picture of a banjo player would convey nothing but the purposeless movements of fingers over the strings, but the "chronophone" made these living pictures "live."

The possibilities of the invention are obvious. At election times, for instance, a great leader can be seen and heard simultaneously in every constituency. The records of famous people will go down to posterity as they appeared and talked. Every town will be able to have its "chronophone" opera house.

WOMEN IN LEAGUE FOR WILSON'S AID

Society Leaders Plan Nation-Wide Organization for Coming Campaign.

Washington, July 19. — Women prominent in social life have taken hold of a new idea—the organization of the Women's National Democratic League, which has for its object the paying of the campaign expenses of the Democratic party in the coming presidential fight. Miss Katherine Dabney of Washington, conceived the scheme and gave the initial impulse to the organization.

At a meeting of the local branch of the league, Mrs. John R. McLean was elected president. Mrs. John Sherwin Crosby, of New York, has been made president of the national organization, with the power to appoint vice presidents for the state organizations.

Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher, wife of the senator from Florida, has been appointed vice president of the league in that state. Mrs. Claude A. Swanson is vice president in Virginia, and Mrs. Clarence W. Watson, wife of the senator from West Virginia, is the vice president in that state. In Oklahoma the vice president is Mrs. Thomas P. Gore, wife of Senator Gore.

"There is more or less misunderstanding about the question of woman's suffrage in connection with this new organization," said Miss Dabney. "There are many of us who are suffragists and our organization does not disapprove of the movement. I have been a suffragist myself for 20 years, but let me emphasize that the Women's National Democratic League disregards the question altogether.

"I am convinced that we will accomplish the object we have in view. In previous campaigns, much of the fund obtained has come from a few rich men and corporations. With our system we mean to obtain a far greater number of smaller contributions from every city and town in the United States. With women working to accomplish this in all parts of the country, I believe we will meet with great success."

WARSHIP IS FASTEST EVER

Wyoming Breaks All Records for Big Gun Ships.

Rockland, Me., July 20.—All speed records for big battleships were broken today by the United States battleship Wyoming, sistership of the super dreadnaught Arkansas, during her standardization trials. Her speed of 22.045 knots is declared by naval experts aboard to be the fastest ever made by any battleship in the world carrying 12-inch guns.

A strike in the fireroom during the full speed runs interfered somewhat with the operation of the Wyoming today and even better speed might have been made, according to officials but for this trouble.

TURKISH FORTS SINK 2 ITALIAN SHIPS IN BATTLE

For Second Time This Year Fortifications of the Dardanelles Are Attacked by Italy.

Constantinople, July 19.—Eight Italian torpedo boats attacked the entrance of the Dardanelles at 1:30 o'clock this morning. The Turkish forts replied vigorously, sinking two of the Italian war vessels and damaging the other six. The cannonading lasted 45 minutes.

The cabinet ministers were hurriedly called to the palace this morning where, at a council of war, it was decided to close the Dardanelles.

Tewfik Pasha, the Turkish ambassador to London, who, on July 17, was appointed grand vizier, has undertaken to form a new cabinet.

Todays' bombardment of the entrance to the Dardanelles by Italian warships is the second attack on the strait, connecting the Aegean sea and the sea of Marmora, since the outbreak of the Turco-Italian war.

Bombarded in April.

Twenty-seven Italian warships, on April 18 last, bombarded the forts Kilid-Ul-Bahr and Sedd-Ul-Bahr, defending the gateway to Constantinople, for 3½ hours. The Italians fired 180 shells, but the forts were only slightly damaged. The land batteries returned the fire and one of the Italian warships was reported damaged by a shell. After 3½ hours fighting the Italians withdrew.

The Dardanelles, which are about 45 miles in length and from 1¼ to 4 miles in width, have been heavily mined for protection from Italian ships. As the result of the closing of the Dardanelles early in the year, 500 steamships and sailing vessels were held in the sea of Marmora for several weeks.

SENATORS AT DRAW POKER

Unusual Hand Falls to One Who Wins a $12.50 Pot.

Washington, July 19.—A very unusual poker hand was played a few nights ago in what is known as the "Senators' poker game." The senators' poker game is composed of six or seven senators, who gather twice a week at one of the players' homes and "sit in," sometimes until they are greeted by the roosters announcing the dull gray dawn of the day that has arrived. In the last sitting there was one hand that has caused as much discussion and speculaaion as all the tariff bills put together and the Panama canal bill thrown in for good measure. Here is what happened:

Senator A. opened a jackpot for $3.75. Senator B., who was sitting on his left, took a squint at his hand, and found a nine high straight. Mr. B. slipped a glance at those behind him, and thought he saw evidence of easy money, and just "stayed." Three others trailed along. Senator X., who was dealing, asked how many cards were required. Senator A., the opener, said that he was satisfied with what he had. This started B. to thinking. He figured that a nine high straight was pretty weak against the other pat hand. He noticed that all of his cards were spades, except the seven. That was a heart. He decided quickly. He tossed away the heart, hoping to make a flush or a straight flush. Senator A. bet $12.50. Senator B. stepped down and looked again. In his hand there nestled a stranger, it was the seven of clubs, making his hand exactly of the same value as it had been originally. "I've just got to call," he said. Senator A. had a seven high straight. Senator B. won the money.

CHICKENS BEFORE CHURCH

Pastor Says Man's Duty to Poultry Is More Important.

Yonkers, N. Y., July 18.—Yonkers has a minister who says man's duty to his chickens is more important than his duty to his church. He is the Rev. William Ewart Mounteney, pastor of Morsemere Baptist Church.

"I think that by interesting my fellow men in chickens," he said, "I do nearly as good as if I were in my pulpit preaching a sermon. A man's three duties are: First to his home, second to his chickens, and third to his church. I put the church last because I think if I can interest a man in chickens I can get him to church."

$25,000 IN JEWELRY STOLEN

Taker From Sample Case Carrier on Chicago Street.

Chicago, July 18.—Jewelry valued at nearly $25,000 was stolen from a sample carrier today on a crowded street in front of the Silversmith building, 12 South Wabash avenue. The jewelry was taken from Patrick McDermott, who was carrying the sample case for Jack S. Levin, a salesman employed by the Low-Taussig-Karpels Co., of Kansas City.

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REPORT SAYS A SECRETARY GOT BOMB SENT TO TAFT

Washington, July 18.—A circumstantial story of an attempt on the life of President Taft is being denied vigorously early today by White House officials and Chief Wilkie, of the secret service.

It was said that a bomb, wrapped in a package, was received late yesterday at the executive offices and placed upon the desk of Sherman Allen, one of the White House assistant secretaries, who has just been appointed assistant secretary of the treasury. The package was, of course, intended for the President, but packages and letters never reach him without first passing through the hands of a secretary, and Mr. Allen opened it.

The report was that as Mr. Allen unwrapped the package he discovered an infernal machine, said to have been charged with dynamite, and with fuse sputtering, which he quickly extinguished with his hands.

Mr. Allen emphatically denies the story, as do all the other White House officials. Chief Wilkie, of the secret service, which is charged with guarding the life of the President, also denies it. It has always been the policy of the secret service and White House officials to deny publicity to any incident which savors of an attempt at violence upon the President.